BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER, 1950

TWO SHILLINGS

glimpse...
Colour
jersey...
Tailored
Wolsey

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 41 No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1950

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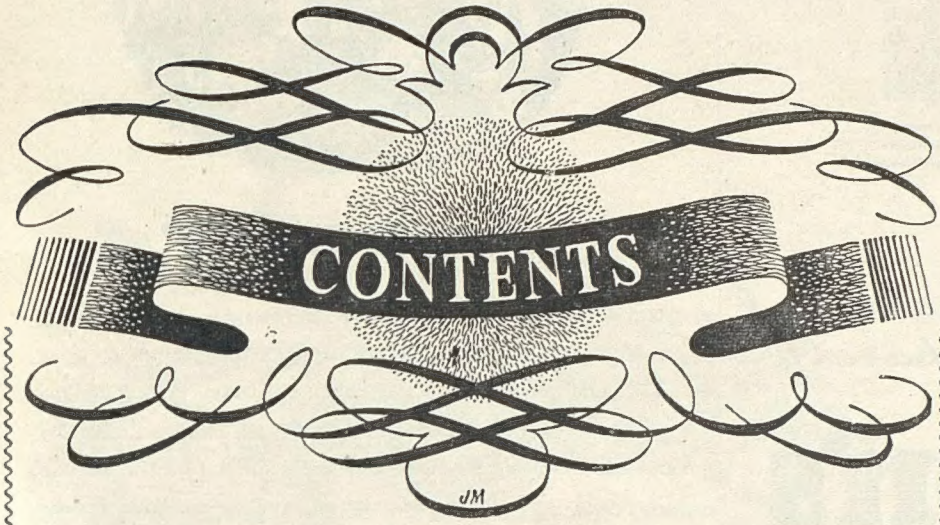

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

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TO THE SMALLER SMART WOMAN . . .

Susan Small models at most good Stores—for a fortunate few

Susan Small Ltd. (Wholesale only), 76 Wells Street, London, W.1

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

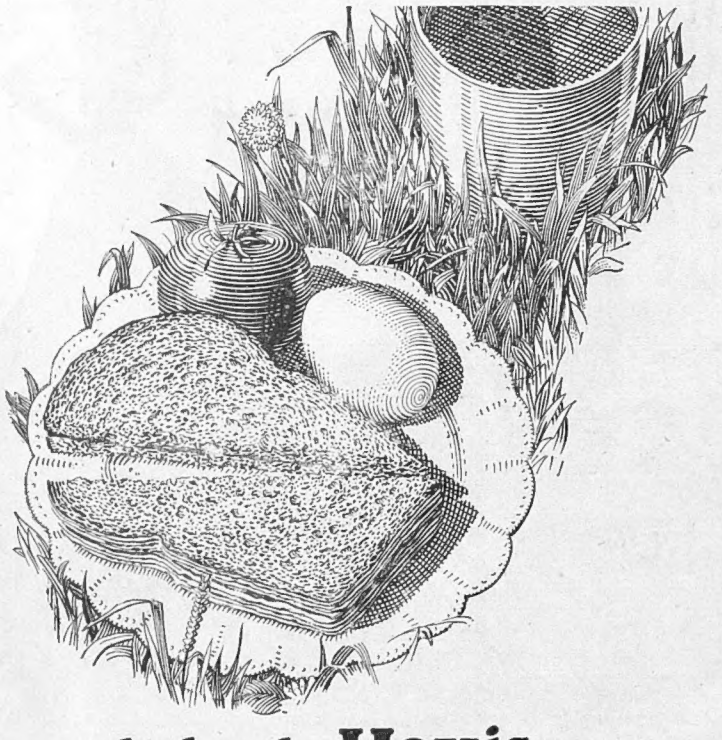
Max. Prices: Bottle 32/4; ½ bot. 16/11; ¼ bot. 8/10; miniature 3/5. U.K. only

September

There is nothing morbid or depressing about making sensible provision for your family or friends under your will, and you will feel glad when you have done so. The Manager of any branch of the Midland Bank will readily arrange for you to meet a friendly official of the Bank's Executor and Trustee Company, and by appointing the Company you will ensure that your executor is always available.

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

Any meal a square meal



and thank Hovis for that

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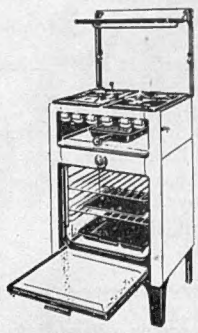
THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

PARKINSON

RENOWN GAS COOKERS
for preference

Incorporating
UNIQUE TAP DESIGN • AMPLE OVEN CAPACITY • FLASH IGNITION *and the* EXCLUSIVE DROP DOOR



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The "Quality First" Morris establishes a new class in motoring

Through the years when Morris were popularising economical motoring, they were also developing high standards of reliability far beyond their price classification. Although Morris are known as economical cars the emphasis has *always* been *on quality*. Recent productions highlight these Morris principles.

Quality First Service is provided by over 2,000 Morris Dealers to enable you to get the best from your present car.

The *"Quality First"*

MORRIS

Morris Minor Saloon £299 (plus £83.16.1 purchase tax).
Priority must be given to exports.

A NUFFIELD PRODUCT

MORRIS MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD. OVERSEAS BUSINESS: NUFFIELD EXPORTS LTD., OXFORD, & 41 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

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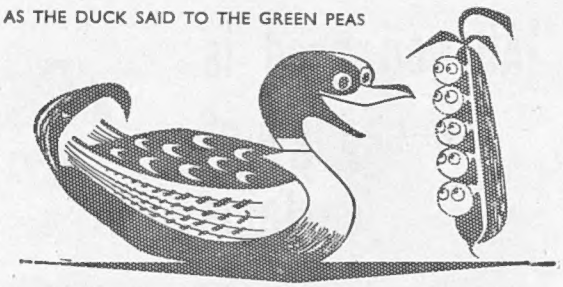
● AS THE DUCK SAID TO THE GREEN PEAS



THEY DO DO YOU WELL AT THE

CAVENDISH EASTBOURNE

Where they know what the last word in comfort is

Proprietors: Pimm's Ltd. • Manager: P. Churchman • Telephone: Eastbourne 2740

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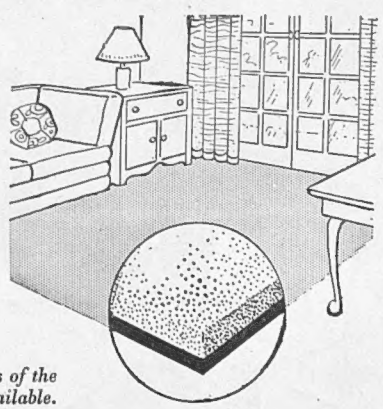
SEND FOR SAMPLES

"Mayfair" Needleloom Carpeting is ideal for CLOSE CARPETING —inexpensively—Living Rooms, Bedrooms, Halls, Corridors, Stairs, etc. It wears well and looks very attractive. Because of its special-sprayed rubber backing you need no underfelt. It is easily cut for fitting, lies flat, needs no sewing or binding.

In seven colours and three widths

18" wide **9/6** per yard
27" wide **13/3** per yard
54" wide **25/6** per yard

Carriage free. Send 1/- for samples of the seven colours. Deferred terms available.



MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LTD. (Dept. 23) 16 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4

IF you have weekly laundry bills . . .
IF you are feeling the drag of washdays . . .
IF you have a growing family . . .
IF you value your looks and leisure . . .

It's time you had a

Thor AUTOMAGIC WASHING MACHINE

Thor takes the work literally OFF YOUR HANDS, and washes, rinses and damp dries 8 lbs. of clothes in 30 minutes, costing only ¼d. per wash to operate. THOR requires no special plumbing to install—from the day you have it leisure is yours, smooth hands never in water, and a carefree heart . . .

- **Super Agitator for maximum dirt extraction.**
- **Overflow Rinse—better than any number of separate rinses.**
- **Double Speed Spin Drying.**

** and with the special Dish-Washing Attachment Thor washes-up as well!*

Easy payments available, Dish-Washing Attachment optional

Write for fullest details to:
Dept. J, Thor Appliances Ltd. 55-59 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

CASES—AND CONSEQUENCES

Mrs. Smith MET Mr. Therm

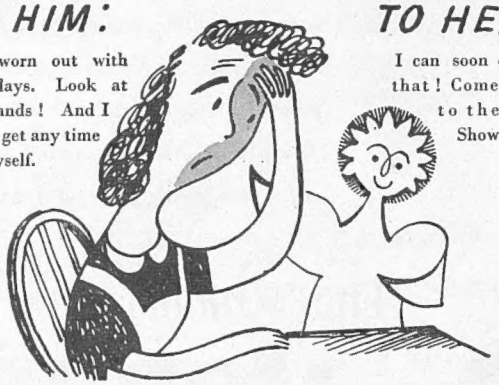
ONE BLACK MONDAY MORNING

SHE SAID TO HIM:

I'm worn out with washdays. Look at my hands! And I never get any time to myself.

HE SAID TO HER:

I can soon change that! Come along to the GAS Showrooms.



HE GAVE HER:

The choice of a range of beautiful GAS washing machines, heating their own water.

SHE GAVE HIM:

Her heartfelt thanks for helping her through washday in half the time!

THE CONSEQUENCE WAS:

She now has leisure for having friends to tea in the afternoon.

AND THE WORLD SAID:

How cheerful Mrs. Smith is nowadays! And no wonder; she saves work the GAS way!

GAS GIVES YOU HOLIDAYS FROM HOUSEWORK

Issued by The Gas Council

double sugar in Weetabix

PLEASES THE ENTIRE FAMILY!

Mother's happy because she's saving sugar every breakfast — and sugar was a real *problem* till Weetabix doubled the amount! Dad's pleased because he likes to see young Judy (quite apart from himself!) tucking into a nourishing breakfast she really likes. And Judy's happiest of all. "Super!" she says with her mouth full. "Sweetabix, *I* call it!"

FREE! There are lots of *other* ways of serving Weetabix, too. Write to Mrs. Crisp at 18J Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants for a **free** sample of Weetabix *and* a copy of her recipe folder.

Weetabix

— more than a breakfast food.

WHEAT, MALT, EXTRA SUGAR AND SALT—CRISPLY TOASTED

LOOK FOR THE NEW BRIGHTER PACK

"All you need is a change of curtains..."

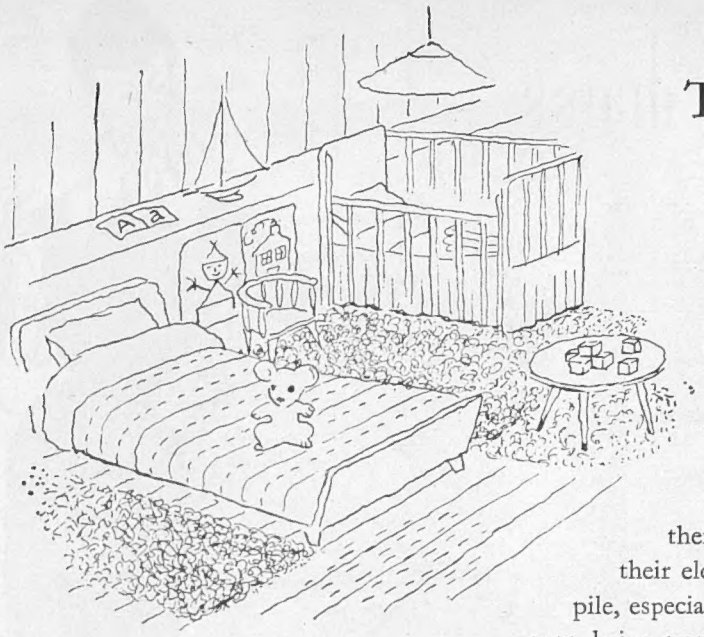
New curtains will transform your home and add new colour and warmth in the winter days. See some of the heavier materials which are available again and make your new curtains (or have them made up professionally) with "Rufflette" Brand curtain tape, also hooks or rings, so that they hang in those deep lovely folds. Hooks and rings need no stitching — a great time-saver in laundering. No wonder "Rufflette" Brand tape is the secret of *all* beautiful curtains. Obtainable from all drapers and stores.

'Rufflette' *Brand*

CURTAIN TAPE with Hooks or Rings

By the makers of "Rufflette" Brand Cord Controlled Curtain Runway.

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD.
Manchester, Wythenshawe, London, U.S.A. & Canada.



This winter, well-appointed Nurseries will be gay with curly pile rugs

Tankraft curly pile rugs are being chosen for nurseries and playrooms, not only for their colourful charm — in rooms that must of necessity be otherwise simply furnished — but for their warmth and comfort too. Children — as much as their elders — appreciate the deep softness of Tankraft's silken pile, especially by their bedside on chilly mornings. And Tankraft rugs, being pure mohair, stand up to any amount of traffic and wear.

J. L. Tankard & Co. Ltd., Bradford

Tankraft
curly pile rugs

3 SHAPES * 14 COLOURS * 7 SIZES * From £1 · 3 · 11 to £7 · 8 · 11 (both inc. P. Tax) * From most Furnishers and Stores

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"Our summer silks stay bright as the day I bought them"

SAYS *Lynne Jennings*

MODEL AND HOUSEWIFE

"YES," says Lynne Jennings, "all our silks and rayons come up shimmering bright as new again after one quick dip in Dreft's gentle lather. But that isn't all ! Dreft keeps all our precious woollens as fleecy-soft and colourful as the day I bought them. In fact, *all* fine fabrics dipped regularly in Dreft really do look fresher and last longer. What's more, Dreft is gentle to the hands — so gentle you can actually *feel* the difference ! "

SAFEST OF ALL FOR FINE FABRICS

Here's why Dreft is different from everything else. Other washing products — even the newest ones — contain ingredients which gradually give a yellow tinge to white woollens or cause some colours to run. But Dreft contains *no* harsh ingredients. Dreft is *safest of all* for your woollens, silks and stockings.

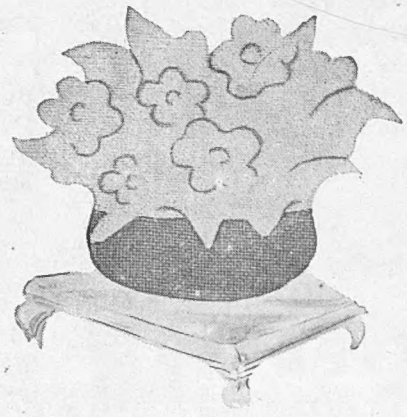
NOW COSTS LESS BUT STILL THE SAME WONDERFUL DREFT

A regular dip with **dreft**

MAKES DAINTY FABRICS LAST LONGER !

"the most successful dress I ever had"

Compliments and questions come my way
whenever I wear my extra special dress—the one I made myself.
I chose Vogue pattern 7040, and a 'Moygashel' fabric—washable,
crease-resisting Harrogate, a wool mixture, at 8/4d. a yard.
Be sure the name 'Moygashel'
is on the selvedge of material by-the-yard,
and on the tab of ready-to-wear fashions.



in fashion – in fabrics by
MOYGASHEL REGD
PURE LINENS – SPUN RAYONS – WOOL MIXTURES

Wholesale only *'Moygashel' is the registered brand name of fabrics manufactured by*
STEVENSON & SON LTD., 208A REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1, DUNGANNON, NORTHERN IRELAND

A 'Stay Smart' Secret

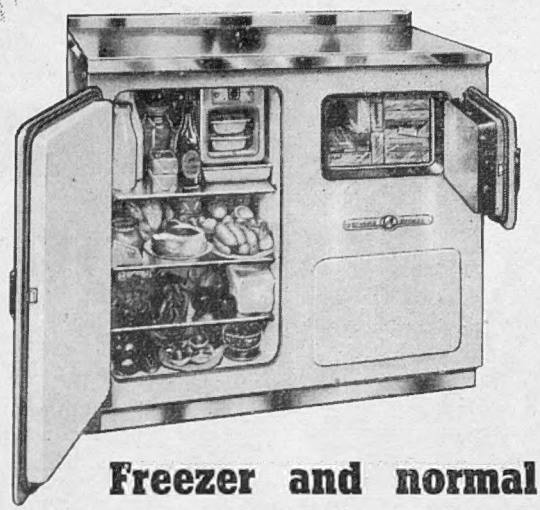
More new shoes?
Not new – just well preserved
How on earth do you do it?
It's quite simple – they're soled with Phillips!
Take it from me – Phillips Superfine Stick-a-soles keep shoes smart twice as long.
Well I'd never have guessed
No dear, that's the beauty of them they are invisible in wear

Phillips STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS

DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR SHOES

Where you usually shop, ask to see clothes,
etc. with this label—it's your sign of a high
and guaranteed standard of manufacture.

Men's, WOMEN'S
and Children's Wear
and Accessories;
Household Linens, etc.

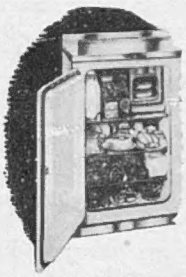


Freezer and normal refrigerator in one unit

Dual CSA Freeze

Here at last, housed in one magnificent cabinet, a really capacious refrigerator *and* a roomy family size Deep-Freeze locker. Now you can enjoy out-of-season delicacies in your own home. The two units are housed in separate compartments, thus the Deep-Freeze foods are kept fresh and tasty for as long as you like.

To be up-to-date, your kitchen *must* have facilities for storing reasonable quantities of frozen food—the processed food of the future. Forty lbs. of such food, which would begin to deteriorate after a few days of normal refrigeration, can be stored indefinitely in the Deep-Freeze locker.



THE REFRIGERATOR COMPARTMENT
Keeps fresh meat, fruit, salads, milk, eggs and butter at the peak of taste perfection for days, and retains healthful vitamins.

THE DEEP-FREEZE LOCKER
Keeps loads of frozen foods near at hand, in Season and out . . . keeps them deliciously garden-fresh and vitamin rich for years if need be, at a temperature below zero.

All this in a unit that will line-up with standard kitchen equipment. The stainless steel work-top increases your kitchen working space.

COOLED BY **Kelvinator**

and backed by the well-known Kelvinator Service Organization, you are assured of an after-sales Service second to none.

. . . it's more than a refrigerator it's an investment in better living

Hire purchase facilities available if required.

A PRODUCT OF C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LTD · WARWICK
Obtainable through Authorized Kelvinator Distributors

L.G.B

MINTY

BOOKCASES *are back!*

Now that we can once again obtain the right materials, we can offer the Minty Sectional Bookcases—and at prices free of purchase tax. The Bookcases are as handsome as ever and compare favourably in every way with the prewar standard which made the name of Minty pre-eminent in this field. Made in Oak or Mahogany, the Bookcases are available as illustrated and in many combinations which can be added to as desired.

Combination 30N. *Three stacks as illustrated*
in Oak or Mahogany, no purchase tax, £59 3 0
Separate Stacks £13 19 0, £18 8 0, £26 16 0

The famous MINTY CHAIR

The most comfortable chair on earth! Full-sized lounge, softly sprung. Entirely new and improved method of construction. Settees also in two sizes. Models available from £11.15.0 No purchase tax.

Send for illustrated folders and full particulars to

Dept. B, MINTY LTD., 44/45 High St., Oxford

Showrooms: **London, 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1**
Manchester, 7/9 Royal Exchange Arcade

KAYSER BONDOR

for sheer beauty in full fashioned stockings

"Just listen to this!" he snorted. "From the agony column of 'The Times' . . . 'Young æsthete suffering from ennui forced to seek work. Almost any occupation considered.' . . . Now can you beat that?"

To Whom It May Concern

By Laurence Kirk

THIS story is a warning to people not to read the Personal Column of *The Times*: or at least, if the fascination of the column is too irresistible, not to answer any of the advertisements in it. To suggest that anyone should avoid the column altogether would be asking too much: it would be as futile as asking a child not to eat the preserved cherry which it has kept to the end on its plate. For that is the way the experienced reader treats the column. He keeps it to the last as a *bonne bouche* after he has devoured the financial and political news, and perhaps the sporting news as well, in the inside of the paper.

The inside of the paper these days is generally pretty gloomy reading. It is mainly concerned with deficits and disasters, divorces and hydrogen bombs. After all the pessimism there it is a relief to turn to the optimism of the Personal Column. For optimism is the essence of that column, just as it is the driving force behind the human race. While the inside of the paper gives the results of our actions, the personal column is the happy home of our dreams for the future. It is very right and proper that it should come alongside the Births and Deaths and Marriages and In Memoriams.

It is good to believe that there is something nice round the corner: that the system can be beaten by soft words; that man is a philanthropic animal; that hope is stronger than cause and effect, and need more important than supply and demand. The Personal Column fosters all these beliefs. It begins invariably with a text, and as the whole theme of the column is Providence, nothing could be more suitable as an introduction. After the text the column goes a little haltingly at first. Mr. and Mrs. Blank wish to convey thanks for letters and floral tributes. Titled lady recommends governess. Experienced chauffeuse wishes temporary appointment. Doctor, wife, baby, requires flat urgently West End. French lady, diplomée, gives lessons.

But soon after this uncertain beginning the column settles down to its main theme. It may be like this: "Ex-Naval officer, 32, married, no qualifications except capacity for hard work, seeks JOB home or abroad." Or, "Young man, anxious to devote life to medicine but financially frustrated, seeks patron." Or even, "Clergyman, not as young as he was, needs new car. Will some kind person please give him one?"

The column is most carefully arranged. When it feels that it has overcalled its hand (as in the case of this clergyman), it lies low for two or three inches. The titled lady crops up again, only this time she wants to sell a mink coat. There is a house at Epsom, five minutes station, and only £7000. And gentleman wishes to purchase antiques. High prices paid. No dealers.

But it can't keep away from the main theme. Soon it is back at it again. This time it is "Ex-captain R.A., desperate financial straits, seeks opportunity to rehabilitate himself." And then again, after "Austrian lady, highest references, desires reside London *au pair*," and "Author seeks part-time work," up comes the ex-regular once more. This time he is married, baby, fluent French, go anywhere, do anything.

And that remains the theme: day after day, year after year, and war after war. Go anywhere. Do anything. No qualifications except capacity for hard work.

THERE is generally a game of bridge at my club between six and seven-thirty in the evening and Henry Pinkerton is generally one of the players. Sometimes I wish he weren't. He is a boisterous winner and a complaining

loser. As a spectator he is even more trying, for he points out all the mistakes you have made both in play and in bidding, and never makes any allowance for the fact that you haven't seen both the opponents' hands. That is his main trouble in other respects as well as bridge. He never makes allowances. Everything is always obvious to Henry Pinkerton. There is no doubt or shading to any problem, and he knows all the answers. He is the editor and proprietor of a prosperous but old-fashioned magazine.

One day a little over three years ago Henry and I were the first-comers in the bridge room and sat reading the papers while we waited for a third and fourth. People generally read papers when Henry is around. It prevents him correcting your opinion on any subject. I was reading the evening paper myself this time and didn't notice that Henry was reading the Personal Column of *The Times*. Henry is inclined to grunt and snort when he reads anything he disagrees with. After several of these noises off he suddenly threw down the paper as though he were sacking someone.

"Well, I 'm damned!" he exclaimed.

"Anything wrong?" I asked politely.

"Just listen to this!" he snorted. "From the agony column of *The Times*. . . . 'Young æsthete suffering from ennui forced to seek work. Almost any occupation considered.' . . . Now can you beat that?"

"No," I said, "I can't. But it 's a nice variation on the Go anywhere, Do anything theme."

"Nice variation my foot! What are our young men coming to? Young æsthete indeed! And he 's paid about a pound a line to put that nonsense in."

"You don't think he 'll have any offers?"

"Course not. Who 's going to waste their time with that type of young man?"

"I think I might," I said mildly. "Just to have a look at the fellow. After all, he has shown some originality."

"I 'd like to show him originality!" Henry snorted again, then his face went even more purple than usual. "By jove!" he went on. "My boiler!"

"What about your boiler?"

"The boiler that heats my offices. It 's always breaking somebody's back."

"Oughtn't you to get a more modern type of boiler?"

"Certainly not. It 's a perfectly good one. It 's only that it 's a bit difficult to stoke."

"Well, what 's that got to do with the young æsthete?"

"Just that I 'd like to see him stoking that boiler! That would teach him to put advertisements in *The Times*."

By this time I had got hold of the paper and seen the actual notice in the column.

"Well, why not write to Box 41A?" I suggested. "That 's what it says."

"What 's the use? I don't want all my staff freezing to death."

"He does say—almost any occupation considered."

"He 's probably never seen a boiler in his life."

"Well, why not introduce him to one?"

"He 'd never take the job."

"Oh, I 'm not so sure. He must have spent two pounds on that advertisement. Care to have a bet on it?"

"How much?"

"Ten bob."

"Ten bob that he takes the job and sticks it for—for . . ."

"Let 's say a week."

"All right. It 's a deal."

Henry Pinkerton sat down there and then and wrote to Box 41A. He was more than usually aggressive in his bridge afterwards.

I HAPPENED to have to go away on business almost immediately after that evening and it was nearly five weeks before I visited the club and saw Henry Pinkerton again. He was sitting-out when I came in and after we had exchanged suitable greetings I suddenly remembered the bet.

"By the way, Henry," I said. "One of us must owe the other ten bob. Which is it?"

Without a word he handed me a ten-shilling note.

"You mean he answered your letter?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And stoked the boiler?"

"Yes."

"For a whole week?"

"That 's right."

"Did he look like an æsthete?"

"In some ways, yes. Delicate-looking, rather long hair, clean finger-nails."

"And yet he stoked the boiler?"

"Yes—did it very well, too. I 've got to admit that."

"What 's his name, Henry?"

"Roberto Ingram."

"Roberto!"

"Yes. Of course, I stopped that nonsense at once. Told him his name was Robert."

"And Robert it was from then on?"

"That 's right. All that æsthete trouble came from his having a Spanish grandmother. I had to make allowances for him when I found that he had Latin blood. They don't have our standards, you know."

"No, I suppose not. . . . Don't tell me he 's still stoking the boiler?"

Henry Pinkerton looked a little uncomfortable as he replied.

"No; I moved him up, as a matter of fact."

"Moved him up where?"

His name was Roberto Ingram, but I stopped that nonsense at once and told him from then on his name was Robert

"He's in the art department now. Doing quite well."

"H'm. Roberto seems to have quite a way with him!"

"Well, damn it all, I had to do something about him. D'you know what I found out?"

"No."

"That he was a paratrooper in the war. Arnhem, and all that. Hang it, I had to do something for him after that."

"So you put him in the art department?"

"Yes. He's got interesting ideas on design. Writes poetry, too."

"And you publish it?"

"Good heavens, no! We don't publish poetry. But it isn't bad stuff, all the same."

"What about the boiler?"

"Oh, Robert fixed that. Got another paratrooper to do it. Great husky fellow. Must have needed an outsize parachute."

"Roberto certainly seems to make himself useful!"

"I'll say he does. D'you know, he's even found me a new secretary. Much better than my old one. Prettier, too."

"So on the whole you've no reason to grudge me my ten bob?"

"Not in the least, old boy. Best bet I ever made. Come on, they've finished. Let's cut in before anyone else comes."

I played bridge very badly that evening. I think it was because my mind was still on Roberto Ingram. I wanted to know more about that young man. He had certainly evolved a new and most ingenious method for getting a foot in at a front door. If he had said he was a paratrooper, Henry Pinkerton would probably have been ashamed to offer him a stoker's job; and if he had said that he was a poet, nothing would have induced Henry to let him near the art department. Æsthete suffering from ennui was a much better approach than Go anywhere, Do anything. Anyone who had ever known a sergeant-major must be

aware that it is human nature to press work on the work-shy rather than give it to the work-hungry.

DURING the two years that followed, some odd changes began to appear in Henry Pinkerton. For one thing, he became less like a sergeant-major. One of his troubles was that he had been insufficiently contradicted in his life and that had given him the assertiveness and loud voice of a sergeant-major. Now he seemed to be considerably less sure of himself, and I couldn't help wondering whether Roberto and the pretty secretary had anything to do with it.

At the same time he seemed to be more prosperous. He stood himself glasses of sherry before dinner and glasses of port after, and occasionally took a whole day off to play golf. Again I wondered about Roberto and the pretty secretary. They were still there: that was all I knew. Henry rather brushed my questions aside when I asked them. Oh, yes, Robert was still working for him; doing quite well, too. And the girl? Yes, she was there; quite a capable young woman really. One couldn't tell much from these answers, but I did notice that the whole layout and contents of Pinkerton's magazine were changing at this time and that it was publishing some quite good poems.

Henry never told me that Roberto had married the pretty secretary. I discovered that by accident at a cocktail-party when I was introduced to a very attractive young woman. As usual in England, the introducer just mumbled her name, and after I had been talking to her for a few minutes I had to ask her what it was.

"Ingram," she answered. "Julia Ingram."

"Mrs. or Miss?" I went on. I was thinking of asking her out to lunch if it were the latter.

But it wasn't.

"Mrs.," she informed me. "Mrs. Roberto Ingram. I'm a bride of three months' standing."

"Congratulations!" I said. Then I watched her carefully as I went on. "I gather your husband doesn't suffer from ennui any longer, Mrs. Ingram?"

She gazed at me, blushing.

"How on earth did you know about that?"

"Quite simple, Mrs. Ingram. I know a man called Pinkerton. I was there when he read the advertisement."

"You were?" she laughed. "Poor old Pinkie! Did he really think he was doing the æsthete a good turn?"

"Well, not exactly."

"What did he think he was getting?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Ingram. Not what he got, anyway."

This was the obvious moment to replenish cocktails. When I had done that and found a nice quiet corner, I went on.

"Is your husband here, Mrs. Ingram?"

"No, I'm meeting him at another party later."

"Did you know him when he put in that advertisement?"

"Of course I did. We were engaged even then. I'd been a sergeant in the A.T.S. and he in the Parachute Regiment."

"And what made him think of becoming an æsthete suddenly?"

"I did."

"You put in the advertisement!"

"Yes. I was a little tight at the time—and a little bitter. You see, we'd both been queueing-up for jobs for nearly three months. Oh, everyone was most polite to us. Fine war record, they'd say. Couldn't be better. But you could see in their eye as they saw us to the door that when the job did turn up it would go to someone with not such a fine war record and more practical experience."

"So you got fed up, Mrs. Ingram?"

"Yes, I did. I had a couple of gins one night and then wrote out the advertisement for Roberto."

"What about yourself?"

"I'd got a job of sorts that day. Temporary."

"And how many answers did Roberto get?"

"Half a dozen. And they were (*Continued on page* 59)

Henry never told me that Roberto had married the pretty secretary. I discovered that by accident at a cocktail-party when I was introduced to a very attractive young woman

Carnival in Venice. The fireworks, the soaring triumph of rockets, a glitter of golden rain, all bringing enchanting reflections in the midnight-blue mirror of the Lagoon and the Grand Canal.

(*On left*) All tourists to Denmark pay a visit to the Tivoli Amusement Park, Copenhagen. The picture shows the mosque-like concert hall and fountains illuminated

After Dark In Europe

Sights That Keep You From Sleep

By Gordon Cooper

EUROPE'S most unusual entertainments happen after dark. I've recently found an opera lit by ten thousand candles—a city of the dead that comes back to life by neon-glow—Café Society in a world of two wars ago—dinner with the deer at Copenhagen's Coney Island—and on to Vienna, Rome and Budapest to see the sights that are better than sleep. And one cannot omit Paris, for I return there again and again as one revisits an old flame.

Chance brought me to Verona sardine-packed in an Opera Special—one of the many excursion trains that are run from far-distant towns for this fantastic fiesta. Italians love their music as a national sport, and I travelled, squashed and perspiring, but in an atmosphere of song and high good humour, not to mention garlic and squalling babes. Not knowing what was in store for me, I found the heightening tension an excellent hors d'œuvre for the feast. Swept along from station to spectacle, excitement mounted with the dust of our passage. The occasion, I discovered, was the open-air opera season. Its setting stupendous. Into an arena, second only in size to Rome's Colosseum, 25,000 of us swarmed like ants up the stone tiers of Verona's two-thousand-year-old amphitheatre. Darkness had already fallen like a well-devised stage curtain. Above a full moon shone and as we sank to silence the vast stage came to life.

Acoustics in that audacious auditorium are perfect. In my 350-lire seat high up in the "gods"—eighty yards from the stage—I could hear the slightest sob of Minnie, the heroine in *The Girl of the Golden West.* On this largest of all stages in Italy, singing and production were magnificent. The orchestra alone numbered over 150 players, and sometimes there are over a thousand performers, led by the finest artists in world-renowned rôles.

As if this were not enough, the sense of spectacle was enchantingly enhanced before the opening of each act when almost every member of the audience lit a tiny candle (*sacra del moccolo*) from small packets on sale at the turnstiles. The extraordinary sight of ten to twenty thousand specks of white flame, steady as a host of impaled glow-worms in the darkness of the velvety Italian summer air, remains with me as an unforgettable memory.

Looking back now, the strangest contrast of it all occurs to me. I had been enjoying that civilized lovely performance in an arena whose soil must have been stained red with the blood of wild beasts and Christians, massacred to make a Roman holiday!

I found quite different after-dark effects in the subtly-etched lighting of Pompeii. So skilfully is this done that the ruined city of daylight disappears and the old one, (*Continued on page* 78)

Mannequin Up

Two pictures of Praline—Pierre Balmain's popular model. On the left she is seen wearing one of his creations shown at the 1950 Spring presentations

THE first mannequin was invented by Mr. C. F. Worth, a Londoner, ninety-two years ago. Until then, there had been neither individuality nor variety in women's styles. Fashions might stick for a decade, two decades. The usual thing was for women to buy fabrics, take them to a small dressmaker, and have them made up in keeping with these long-term designs.

Was Worth drawn to Paris by the extravagances of the Second Empire? Probably. The most talked-of beauty of the day, the Empress Eugénie, may have been specifically in his mind. At all events she was lured by curiosity to the small showroom, saw Blanche d'Antigny in a Worth creation, found it ravishing and by wearing one inspired by it set the Parisian *Haute Couture* on its way.

But Blanche is our lead. The original mannequin. The first. Blanche lives in the annals of the Second Empire as one of its most *folles diablesses*, signifying that she became one of the high demi-monde and led her adorers some record capers even for that day. Blanche was the prototype who really did have grand dukes swallowing champagne out of her shoe. For a very long time after Blanche, the Paris mannequin was deemed to have two phases: Living under someone's protection and afterwards as courtesan. That is, if she were lucky. Rare ones married before or after the second phase. Here is our subject being suavely set in her niche at the turn of the century:

"No more is asked of her than that she be pretty and well made. She should neither speak nor sit down. . . . Absurd to expect virtue of women who are poor and who, all day, are enveloped in elegance and luxury. The influence of fashion upon morals is incontestable. A woman feels more at her ease, more energetic and assured, the better she is dressed. How, then, expect of poor but pretty girls a moral balance which is upset by everything that happens round them? Above all, they do nothing! They are not to be rescued by the cares and fatigue which assail other workers of their sex. Their function is to dress, undress, and be seductive. That's all."

Forty or fifty years on again, and the mannequin has become a very different person. Now she "models." She still has fits of Blanche and moods, making for masculine protection. But that other phase—the high-class courtesan (incidentally, on her very last legs) concerns her not at all. She has found something more elevating to aim at. Being a "type." Being the admired of admired at gala nights—at a fee. Showing the Paris "line" round the globe. Globe-trotting! Being a cover girl!

With the enormous publicity that has been poured on their kind since the "New Look," leading mannequins now rank next after film stars (above them, in several American instances). Your successful manequin —pardon, "model"—with her head screwed on, can turn freelance and pose in studios with or without her fine feathers for sculptor, painter, designer, photographer. She can afford to hear disgruntled women sniff: "Elegant sandwichwomen—nothing more!"

Yet I wonder how much she has really changed inside—this triumph of feminine bone and flesh, this high priestess of allurement? Remembrance from Rue Royale days tells me she was a bit of a bonehead. At least, that's what the *vendeuses* used to say. They used to say mannequins were mostly silly, stuck-up, selfish bores who thought no end of themselves and thought little else.

They must obviously have gained in grey matter since then, else how could the (Paris) mannequin of the day be capable of parading a living sketch of the "declutched" existentialist girl who frequents the champagne-bibbing cellar "dives" of St. Germain-des-Près? Bettina has carved out every bit as arresting a type (something of the college girl tomboy in it, too) as did Mistinguett forty-five years ago when she used to

For Judgment

Modelling To-day Can Be A Jading, Nerve-Racking Job. The Mannequin Has To Keep Fit By Refusing Many Parties, And Some Make Physical And Nervous Wrecks Of Themselves, Trying To Keep Their "Line"

By Ferdinand Tuohy

be hurled about the stage as the apache's girl friend. And Bettina is one of scores.

It is an odd commentary that mannequins are not mentioned in a comprehensive account of *la Haute Couture* I have here. There's all about 2,000 pupils being prepared to take over jobs, from apprentices to forewomen and designers, but nary a word about mannequins. I suppose it's because the latter can't be made into what they become. They just occur like wild roses or nettles. They may pop in from anywhere and often do : from Lancashire, the Caucasus, Kentucky. Such ones may be exceptional; nevertheless, mannequins as a whole have something apart, something of the lone wolf about them besides the borzoi, exotic hot-house plants that they are, to mix animal with vegetable.

Their importance to the house for which they work has been attested by none less than a French divorce court judge. "Mannequins are the surest aides of the dressmaking art" ran part of his finding, which should ere this have graced the wall of many a "cabine," or rapid-changing den. "Without proof to the contrary, it cannot be said of them that they succumb to temptations which present themselves. Theirs is a hard and difficult calling, for which much courage is required."

Such recognition springs from the hectic, high-pressure activities of a house of fashion to-day, compared with the 1900s. Modelling to-day can be a jading, nerve-racking job. It's a toss up which is the most tiring time—before or during a season's "presentation."

While a collection is being prepared, a matter of many weeks, the mannequin has to take up interminable poses

Olla, the oriental model and Dior's favourite mannequin. She is nearly as famous as the "New Look" she helped to launch

(*On left*) Sophie, the beautiful mannequin who models for Jacques Fath, displaying one of his creations at the 1950 spring presentations

in the studio of the creator, as he pins and drapes, only often to leave a sea of paper and fabric. Then comes the trying on, the sizing up and attempted corrections. The model must keep calm when most around her are on edge, while "premières" get it wrong time after time and have *crises-de-nerfs*. She sees dresses ripped from her amid verbal explosions. She sees tears flow.

Time was when the mannequin considered her body to be quite enough for them. Passive, she rarely offered a suggestion. Now the real ones install themselves in the incompleted models, make the fabrics live before the mirrors, and sometimes intervene at a fevered impasse, with luck ending the whole exhausting business and even provoking the creator to enthuse : "You're right, my cabbage ! That's it ! What instinct !"

Up to the penultimate hour mannequins are at it. They rarely get a day in which to recuperate before (*Continued on page* 59)

The Paris Press: *Old And New*

By Harry J. Greenwall

"*LA PRESSE!*" "*Paris-Sport!*" "*L'Intran!*"

Who does not remember the *camelots* calling their wares as they tore down the boulevards in the dusk of a Paris evening?

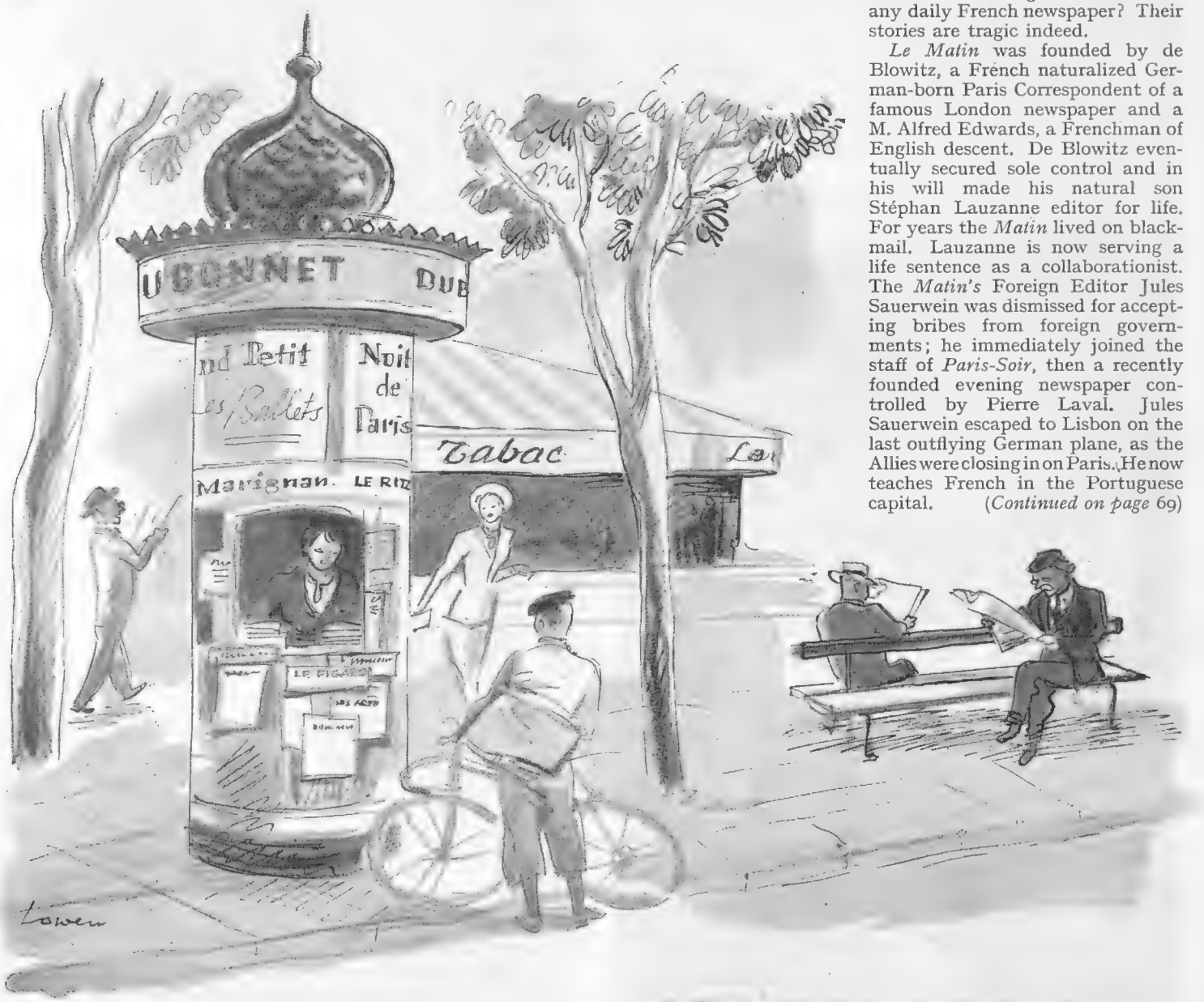
Maybe it was autumn and the interior of the cafés would be already lighted. An old gentleman with a red rosette in his buttonhole would not heed the stringent cries of the newspaper hawkers; he did not want their wares; he was waiting for *Le Temps*; five o'clock was known as "*L'heure du Temps.*" Presently it would be brought to him by a uniformed *chasseur* from the café who had fetched it from the kiosk on the corner. The old gentleman would hand over fifty centimes; twenty-five for the paper and twenty-five for the *pourboire*. Then as he sipped his apéritif he would unfurl the large wide pages of Paris's leading newspaper—either morning or evening—but the passing of the *Temps* practically coincided with the passing of the Third Republic of France and a host of those other famed newspapers, part and parcel of the most venal Press in Europe, became active collaborationists with the Germans. There were honourable exceptions, of course, but they were few, yet they deserve mention because they preferred to close down rather than serve the ends of the hated Boches. Notably there was *Le Figaro*, also *La Croix*, the Roman Catholic morning newspaper and *L'Intransigeant*, familiarly known to Parisians as *L'Intran*. The really world famous, however, were:

Le Matin
Le Petit Parisien
Le Journal
Le Petit Journal

papers with circulations running into millions, all gone, and with them Paris evening newspapers such as *La Liberté* and *La Presse*. *L'Illustration*, the famous weekly publication became a very notorious collaboration paper, but it has reappeared under entirely new management as *Nouvelle-Illustration*.

What happened to newspapers such as *Le Matin*, and *Le Petit Parisien*, the latter with the largest circulation of any daily French newspaper? Their stories are tragic indeed.

Le Matin was founded by de Blowitz, a French naturalized German-born Paris Correspondent of a famous London newspaper and a M. Alfred Edwards, a Frenchman of English descent. De Blowitz eventually secured sole control and in his will made his natural son Stéphan Lauzanne editor for life. For years the *Matin* lived on blackmail. Lauzanne is now serving a life sentence as a collaborationist. The *Matin's* Foreign Editor Jules Sauerwein was dismissed for accepting bribes from foreign governments; he immediately joined the staff of *Paris-Soir*, then a recently founded evening newspaper controlled by Pierre Laval. Jules Sauerwein escaped to Lisbon on the last outflying German plane, as the Allies were closing in on Paris. He now teaches French in the Portuguese capital. (*Continued on page* 69)



THE old man pulled out the revolver and held it away from his nephew triumphantly

Put That In Your Pipe

Men Are Like Tobacco—You Can't Eradicate The Bad Things In Their Mixture

By
Ray Sonin

EDGAR MANCRUSE lolled in a vast chair that was like a throne and looked across the large, overheated study at his uncle's house. To the world at large, Uncle Mancruse was the tobacco magnate—the same Jno. Seymr Mancruse whose signature sprawls across millions of packets of cigarettes and millions of tins of tobacco, but to his nephew, he was just an old, tired, lonely man who would one day leave him a fortune.

Edgar was adept at hiding his feelings. His immaculate appearance belied his worldly wealth of £3, contained in a pigskin wallet in his back pocket, while his naïve, interested expression belied the far from naïve thoughts buzzing through his brain. He always took a pride in his appearance; he found that good clothes helped to make good catches, and, as a matter of fact, it was his last good catch (not unconnected with a doting spinster in Melbourne) that had provided him with the money to restock his wardrobe and pay his passage back to the England that he had left with mysterious but tactful suddenness nearly twenty years before.

Now he had only £3 in the world, but the future didn't worry him, for he prided himself that the stock-in-trade of his pink and boyish charm would work just as well on his uncle as it had done on a succession of gullible men and women during his travels.

Although his uncle had asked him to call and see him when Edgar telephoned to say he was back in England, it was true that John Seymour hadn't greeted him with the enthusiasm due to a favourite nephew whom he hadn't seen for so many years, but Edgar didn't mind that. He knew that the old man seldom showed his feelings, and he was confident that his own well-tried bland of blarney would break down the avuncular toughness.

In any case, John Seymour was busy. On his desk was an unlabelled tin of tobacco, and he had spilled some of the mixture on the blotting-pad in front of him. Hunched over it, he was critically examining the tobacco, smelling it expertly and feeling its texture as he let it pass through his fingers.

"What are you doing, uncle?" asked Edgar, innocently. It was always a good opening gambit, making a man talk about his work, but John Seymour Mancruse was a stern customer.

"New blend," he grunted. "Got to test it to-night. Shut up and I'll be with you in a moment."

Left to his own devices, Edgar looked round the room. Yes, it was just as he always remembered it, and as hot as ever. His uncle was only happy in a stuffy room. The fire, blazing away in the open grate, was kept on for most of the year, while the long French windows, giving on to the lawn, were never opened.

No, nothing had changed, neither in the room nor in Mancruse Manor as a whole. Even Grayson, the butler, was just the same—old, bent, and very deaf, as it seemed that he had always been.

Edgar reflected that, as a child, this study of his uncle's had been a favourite room for him—probably because he was not often allowed into it. There was too much valuable stuff for a boy to break; not china or curios, but pipes. All round the room, glass cases held Uncle Mancruse's prize collection, culled through many years from all over the world. Edgar noticed that the collection had grown considerably since he had last been in the room. Pity—the more money spent on pipes, the less there would be for him in the old man's will.

He didn't know much about pipes, and cared even less, otherwise he might have recognized ancient pipes from Turkey, Persia, the Far East and Portugal with bowls of stone, clay and wood; German pipes with their painted porcelain bowls and pendulous stems; Japanese pipes, recognizable by their small metallic bowls and cane mouthpieces; Persian hookahs; slender-stemmed churchwardens; grotesquely carved meerschaums—every aspect of the pipe-smoking art, each on its own little rack with a typewritten card telling of its origin and history. For some of the pipes in the collection had belonged to famous and notorious people, and many strange stories could be told about the little curios.

Edgar wondered what strange story might be told about the pipe that lay on the table in front of his uncle now—an amber-stemmed briar with its bowl exquisitely carved into the face of a girl with two precious stones set in for her eyes. It seemed too lovely to smoke, but the top of the bowl was blackened as if it had been well and truly baptized by fire—probably on some new mixture that Uncle John and his minions worked out to inflict

on the long-suffering smokers of the universe.

The old man saw Edgar's eyes fixed on it.

"Nice pipe," he grunted. "It's my favourite. Belonged to. . . ." He moved it aside impatiently, and with it the tobacco in front of him. "Never mind that. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, uncle?"

John Seymour Mancruse thrust his face forward, and fastened his nephew with unwinking, bushy-browed grey eyes that were cold and hard.

"What have you been doing with yourself since you left England?" he barked. "Tell me. Go on. Tell me."

It came pat to Edgar's ready tongue. "Well, when I first—er—emigrated to Australia, I went sheep-farming. Then I tried real-estate, and did well until the slump came. Sold my business and started a fruit farm with the money I got, but the floods spoilt all that. Then I decided to speculate and some of my investments. . . ."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the old man, impatiently, "I've heard all that rubbish before. It might have deceived your poor father in the letters you wrote to him, but it won't deceive *me*. What were you *really* doing?"

"But, uncle. . . ." Edgar didn't like the tone of voice in which the question was asked. "I've told you."

"You've told me a lot of lies," growled John Seymour. With a quick gesture, he reached down to the bottom drawer of the desk at which he was sitting, opened it and took out a sheaf of papers. Before he closed it, Edgar caught a glimpse of something heavy and metallic that lay there, and the old man—who missed nothing—saw his glance. "Yes," he remarked, grimly, "*and* it's loaded. It doesn't do for a rich, lonely old man to be unprotected." He flicked through the papers in front of him. "Now, young man," he rapped, "I'm going to tell you how I know that what you've been telling me is a pack of lies."

"Yes, uncle." Edgar's heart was beating painfully, but his face was bland. That innocent expression had often helped him to wriggle out of tight corners before; why shouldn't it work again?

"About a year ago," began the old man, "a cutting happened to reach me from Australia about a confidence-trickster wanted by the police in Perth. There was a photograph with it, and among the many names by which this man was known was Mancruse. It's an odd name, as you know, and you have an odd face, Always have had. And the photo and the name. . . ." He grunted. "Well, your father was dead, and, as head of the family, I want to know what my relatives are up to—especially you, because—h'm—you've always been a favourite of mine. So I arranged for a firm of inquiry agents to check up on your movements."

"Inquiry agents? You mean—detectives?"

"Yes, detectives. And here's their report." He riffled the papers he had taken from the drawer. "It reached me only this morning, and I've spent a very interesting day reading it."

"But—but it's all lies," gasped Edgar.

The old man chuckled. "You don't know what the report says yet, and already you're defending yourself. Guilty conscience, eh?"

Inwardly, Edgar was fuming. It was like the old fool to put 'tecs on his trail, and, if they had uncovered half of the mischief he had been up to since he left England, the report would make grim reading.

It did, too, as he agreed when the old man began reading it out in unhurried tones. "Wanted by the police in. . . . Defrauded wealthy heiress in. . . . Had to leave Brisbane hurriedly. . . . Complaints lodged against him in. . . . Card-sharping . . . Embezzlement . . . Fraud . . . Robbery. . . ." The lurid recital went on and on.

When it finished, there was a tense silence. Uncle John picked up the carved pipe in front of him and toyed with it. He let some of the tobacco on the desk dribble through his fingers and turned his attention—with an insolent concentration that was in itself a censure of his nephew—to a small slip of paper half-hidden under his blotting-pad. "Latakia . . ." he muttered, thoughtfully, "Turkish rough cut . . . h'm . . . ounce of 700 . . . not bad. . . ." He looked up from the formula, and his hard eyes met those of his nephew.

Edgar started to expostulate, but he saw from the expression on his uncle's face that he was wasting his time. He immediately altered his tactics and shrugged his shoulders with disarming fatalism.

"Well," he said, "I've been a fool, but . . ." he opened his blue eyes innocently, "I'm a changed character now. All that folly is behind me."

Uncle John looked at him frowning, and Edgar's glance dropped before the calculating and hostile stare.

"When you blend tobacco," mused the old man, slowly, "like this . . ." he indicated the formula that he had been studying, "a few grains of the wrong leaf will ruin the mixture and spoil the flavour—no matter how many other good things there may be in the blend. Men are like tobacco—you can't eradicate the bad things in their mixture." He sighed. "I know you, Edgar. I've watched you since you were a boy, and I've liked you. But there's something in your blend that spoils the flavour and always will do."

EDGAR MANCRUSE'S self-control snapped. He staggered forward, holding his hands outstretched in blind pleading. Words bubbled from his lips as he swayed and fell

"I'm sorry," said Edgar.

"You should be," agreed his uncle. "To-morrow morning first thing, I'll have old Cartwright over here to cut you out of my will."

Edgar said nothing. He couldn't.

"You were my heir, as you probably know," went on the old man. "Heir to the Mancruse Tobacco Company and a lot of money. But not now. Once a crook, always a crook, and I'd rather leave my money to the Dogs' Home than let you get your evil hands on it."

The hate that welled up in Edgar's heart threatened to choke him. The avarice which had been the guiding motive throughout his life became a physical thing that tasted like bile in his mouth. At this moment, he was a potential millionaire; in the morning, he would be a disinherited pauper. The thought drummed through his brain—at this moment, he was a potential millionaire.... At this moment.... At this moment.... But if his uncle lived till to-morrow....

In an ice-cold flash, he saw what he had to do, and, with the perverted genius of a man who had lived by his wits for so long, he grouped the component parts of the picture before him—the pipe, the tobacco, the French windows, the roaring fire and the drawer that contained a revolver—into a neat pattern . . . a pattern for murder.

He composed his expression into one of acute unhappiness, and his voice was shaking with emotion as he said, brokenly: "I'm—I'm sorry you feel like that, uncle. It's not the money—but—but it's your respect that I've lost, and that—that has sustained me all these years. Now there's nothing to do but . . . " he brought out his handkerchief and dabbed his eyes, ". . . but to end it all. I'll—I'll go away and shoot myself, and then there'll be no more disgrace on the family name. Give me that revolver, please, uncle. Give me that revolver."

He made a clumsy grab at the drawer, but his uncle was quicker. The old man pulled out the revolver and held it away from his nephew triumphantly.

"Don't be a fool," he barked.

They were the last words he ever spoke. With a bound, Edgar leapt on him, with his right hand still covered by the handkerchief. He caught at the revolver in his uncle's hand and bent it backwards. The old man was big but he was frail, and no match for the cold, calculating strength of his nephew. When the revolver pointed at his temple and his eyes were aghast as he tried to shout behind the elbow which Edgar pressed ruthlessly against his mouth, it was his own finger that pressed the trigger—propelled by his nephew's finger in its protective handkerchief.

It was a small revolver and it didn't make much noise. In any case, the butler was deaf and at the back of the house. As for passers-by—well, this was a quiet part of the country and the sound of a shot in the woods at night was no rarity.... He wasn't worried on that score, and he wasn't very much worried by the sight of his uncle

(*Continued on page* 82)

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

Women And Children First!

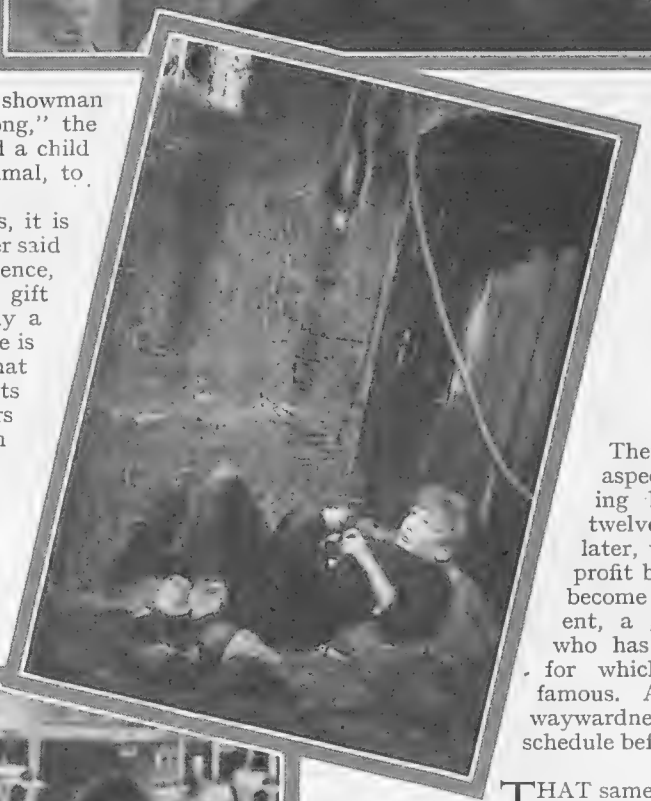
A Formula For Cinema Box Office Appeal

By Adrian Brunel

Jean Gillie, Rosamund John and Joan Gates concerned with matters feminine in *The Gentle Sex*, a film which proved the woman to woman appeal has box office significance

THIRTY years ago, when I was planning a plunge into film production with an equally confident young partner named Leslie Howard, I ran into an old showman friend from Manchester. "You can't go wrong," the old fellow advised, "if you have a woman and a child all through your picture—and maybe an animal, to make certain."

Of all recipes for making successful pictures, it is perhaps the simplest and safest. But it is sooner said than done. A lovely young woman, with intelligence, who can act as well as she photographs, is a gift from the gods to any director; she is usually a calculable factor and is his first ingredient, if he is following the advice of my old showman. But that is generally as far as he will get, for child artists are not so easily found; also, not all directors can handle children, and some youngsters can be as troublesome and costly during production as the most temperamental of adult stars.



(*On left*) John Howard Davies in the title rôle of *Oliver Twist*, which women not only went to see themselves, but took their children along to see, too

There is a further economic aspect—you may make a charming boy star at the age of twelve, and then, three years later, when you might expect to profit by your investment, he has become somebody entirely different, a gawky, husky, lanky lad who has lost most of the appeal for which you have made him famous. And as for animals, their waywardness can wreck a producer's schedule before his picture is half made.

(*Below*) Jeremy Spenser as the infant prodigy in *Prelude to Fame*, had just that right appeal to go straight to the hearts of the women who made up the greater part of his cinema audience

THAT same Leslie Howard and I were re-associated during the late war in the making of his two last films. The first was *The First of the Few*, the story of the designer of the Spitfire aeroplane, who never appealed to me as a central figure. As played by Leslie, however, it had all the charm, humanity, intelligence and reality which that great artist could give the character. He was supported by his loyal test pilot, played by David Niven, while his wife was played with appealing sincerity by Rosamund John; Roland Culver, Bernard Miles and a host of other well-known artists also appeared in this magnificent production, which was a panorama of more or less historical events, with a cumulative thrill connected with the inventor's fight and the Spitfire's final victory in the Battle of Britain. It moved Arthur Rank to tears when it was shown to him privately at the studio.

The second film was *The Gentle Sex*, a documentary of life in the A.T.S. The fictitious characters whose shadowy tale we told were played by Rosamund John, Lilli Palmer, Joan Gates, Jean Gillie, Joan Greenwood, Joyce Howard and Barbara Waring. It was an unpretentious picture, a fairly truthful one, a comparatively cheap production, with a certain amount of human and comedy touches—and that is all. The girls were then not big box office names and Leslie Howard only appeared occasionally and (*Continued on page* 66)

Street Singer To Stage Queen

The Romantic Story Of The Famous 19th-Century Actress Rachel.

Illustrated by
JACK MATTHEW.

The two sisters became regular street buskers to swell the family funds. Later they busked in cafés, Rachel twanging a guitar to Sarah's warbling

IT is one of the ironies of circumstance that the great tragedienne Rachel, destined to revive the fortunes of the Comédie Française and the classic drama of Corneille and Racine, should have been born of roving Jewish pedlars in a Swiss village with the surly name of Mumpf. That was on Feb. 28, 1821, when the landlord of the Golden Sun inn broke a regulation forbidding the mixing of Jews with Gentiles in Swiss inns to give her mother, Mme. Félix, shelter.

Her parents travelled the roads with a dogcart for their wares, and one day the infant Élisa—her real name—tumbled off, and there was the future Tragedy Queen, the reincarnation of Phèdre (her greatest rôle) lying howling in the gutter!

She saw much of the gutter, growing up. Once she and her sister Sarah wanted some cakes in a pastrycook's window, so they stood in the gutter and sang for sous to be able to buy them. Finding this profitable, they became regular street buskers to swell the family funds. Later, in France, they busked in cafés, Rachel twanging a guitar to Sarah's warbling. She was a thin, ragged child with big, pathetic, dark eyes in an oval face with small nose and mouth, and dark brown hair.

When she was famous a friend visiting her elegant Paris house saw a guitar hanging on the wall. Ah, said Rachel, that was the very one she had played in the streets and cafés as a child when she was so poor; and on the strength of the legend it nearly went to sentimental souvenir-hunters for thousands of francs—until someone pointed out that it was a much more recent acquisition, just a guitar like any other . . .

IN Paris the family of six children lived a *Vie de Bohême* attic life, but Félix *père* had ideas. His little Élisa, gaunt weakling though she looked, should be an opera-singer. He pulled strings, with all the determination of a Jewish father resolved that his family should not always be poor, and got singing-master Choron to take her and Sarah as pupils. Then they went to Professor Saint-Aulaire, former Comédie actor, for dramatic lessons, and eventually to the Conservatoire, where Professors Samson and Provost taught. Things were moving for Élisa. While preparing vegetables at

When Rachel was but twenty she took London by storm and received the Royal command to perform at Windsor. With no stage, scenery or costumes, she rendered scenes from *Les Horaces*, *Bajazet* and *Andromaque* in an alcove of the drawing-room. The young Queen Victoria was delighted with this dramatic triumph

home she perched a book on her knee and studied Racine.

She was seventeen when the Comédie gave her a try-out as Camille in Corneille's *Les Horaces*. She had to play to an almost empty theatre, but Mlle. Mars, leading lady at the time, was watching, and Mme. Récamier. Both were impressed by the girl's performance. Mme. Récamier took an interest in her and became a valuable friend. She was taken up by a wealthy old roué and back-stage johnny, Dr. Véron, who ran the Revue de Paris; championed by the poet Alfred de Musset, who later saw her as Roxane.

The de Musset friendship was an idyll in its way. He called her "Fan-Fan," visited her at her parents' home, read *Phèdre* with her by candlelight after the family had retired. When her salary was climbing from 20,000 to 80,000 francs a year and she bought a country villa at Montmorency, he went there, too, and wrote of her running and dancing about the garden in his slippers, a small black and red knitted cap on her head. Being de Musset, he wanted to be her lover, but at this time she was evidently too intent on her career to take him seriously.

Her relations with the nearly fifty-year-old Véron, who looked and sometimes behaved like a dissolute baboon, were not so idyllic. She tolerated his attentions because she needed influential help, and that help usually carried its price in the morally corrupt Paris of Louis Philippe, where theatre intrigues flourished among the rival cliques.

Later, when he saw himself being supplanted, his revenge was to read her impulsive letters to disreputable friends who would scandalise her by gossiping of their contents. She was so incensed at his treacherous conduct that when she was playing in *Marie Stuart* she slipped a small revolver in her pocket, intending to shoot him in his box. "What a superb effect that would have produced!" said the girl, who was by now an actress in life as well as in art.

All that mattered was she had become a star who brought to her tragic rôles an intensity characteristic of her race. The latest of her biographers, Bernard Falk, wrote of her as Camille upbraiding Horace for her lover's murder: "Every fibre of her body dilated with fearful energy, leaving the audience either stunned or appalled. It was said, and with much truth, that into each of her performances Rachel poured a year of life. These superlative efforts were usually followed by fits of prostration bearing a suggestive resemblance to death." Yet, even by the histrionic standards of her day, she was no "ham." She preferred to speak naturally, tensely, rather than rant. As Phèdre she took the town by storm.

IN 1841, when she was but twenty, she took London by storm, too, numbered the Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington among her fashionable friends, was the guest of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV., at Marlborough House, and received the Royal command to perform at Windsor. The pedlar's child, the singer of the gutters, in the limelight and glitter of Windsor Castle!

With no stage, scenery or costumes she rendered scenes from *Les Horaces*, *Bajazet* and *Andromaque* in an alcove of the drawing-room. The young Queen Victoria was delighted with this dramatic triumph. With the Prince Consort standing beside her, she complimented the actress and presented her with a bouquet, a crown of artificial flowers, and an inscribed gold bracelet of twined serpents with diamond heads.

Indeed, a triumph for the Comédie Française star; the Royal seal on a meteoric fame. But if it went to her heart, it did not go to her head. After the visit to Marlborough House, she had exclaimed: "Ah, my friends, what a relief to be back again with ordinary people!" On returning from another ceremonial visit she sank into an armchair and spoke of the relief at being able to "disenduke" oneself!

IN her partiality for lovers, whom at one period she might change almost as regularly as her rôles, she was a child of her era and circle, in which constancy was no fashionable virtue. Marriage did not seriously interest her. When she was living with Count Walewski, and a

friend observed that he had the manner of a visitor rather than a lover, she replied: "I am like that! I do not mind tenants, but owners I bar!"

Walewski, the forbidden fruit of the love-affair between Napoleon and the Polish countess, was thought a rather dull, precise, jealous bore by some, but he must have had virtues—perhaps of the kind that helped to balance her gipsy ardours—for he was one of the chief loves of her life and she bore him an Emperor's grandson.

Dumas *père* tried to supplant him and failed. Having invited her to his stage-box for a dress rehearsal of his play, he was suddenly overcome by a wave of passion, sank to his knees, clasped her hand, and begged that she yield him her love. If his proposal was anything like his romances it must have been overpowering, but Rachel discreetly declined, telling him to get up and not behave like a "silly goat." Dumas sought her again later when she was playing at Marseilles, idolised by crowds, and in the evening they strolled by the sea in sweet dalliance, marred only by the Count's presence. He wooed her in ardent letters, then had to admit to Walewski: "I wished, dear Count, to besiege a town of which you are Governor, and have been repulsed with heavy losses."

But the governorship of Rachel's heart eventually broke over a rival actress, Augustine Brohan, to whom the Count transferred his affections, encouraged by a former mistress, Mme. Anaïs, who naturally bore Rachel a grudge for supplanting her. When Rachel heard of this new liaison she rushed off with a revolver to the Comédie, where a rehearsal was in progress, and challenged her rival to a duel. Never was she so tragic as in that unscripted rôle of injured mistress, but Mlle. Brohan managed to calm her down, and the cessation of hostilities was duly celebrated with a dinner-party attended by the three combatants, plus the ex-mistress Anaïs: a strange if now amicable foursome.

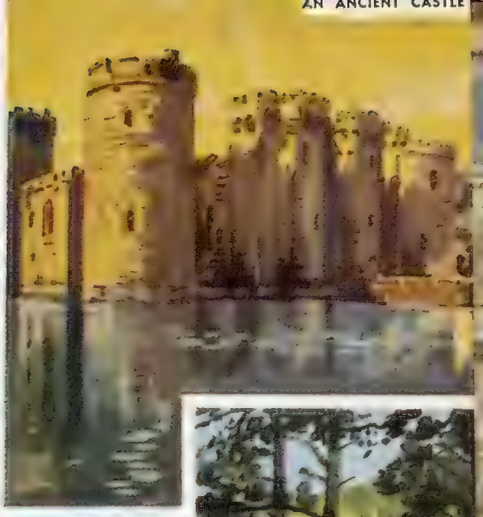
Actually, Rachel at the time seems to have been deep in an affair with the journalist, Émile de Girardin. Her other lovers included Louis Napoleon, Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Gramont, the poet Ponsard, Arsène Houssaye, and the handsome scamp, Arthur Bertrand, by whom she also had a son.

Lung trouble—perhaps a heritage of her hard childhood, aggravated by the intense strain of her acting and living—at last laid her low at Le Cannet, in the south of France, after an American tour and a visit to Egypt for her health. Most of the star actors and actresses of Paris attended her impressive funeral at Père Lachaise; and one remembers that Chateaubriand, who dubbed her soul "of royal purple," told her with almost his last breath "How sad, Mademoiselle, that you should be born as we are about to die," and that one of her most ardent admirers was the austere Matthew Arnold.

END.

Dumas sought her again later when she was playing at Marseilles, idolised by crowds, and in the evening they strolled by the sea in sweet dalliance, marred only by the Count's presence

IN LAKELAND



AN ANCIENT CASTLE

WOODLANDS

In Trust For The Nation

MONTACUTE HOUSE

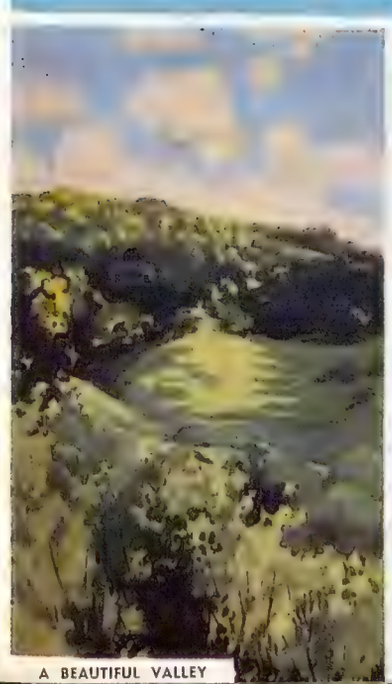
By Robert Woodall

MOST of us have seen, especially when on holiday, one of those unobtrusive little signs proclaiming that some ancient castle or stretch of woodland is the property of the National Trust. Yet in spite of the fact that in this, the fifty-sixth year of its existence, the National Trust is one of the largest landowners in Britain, there are still thousands of people to whom this admirable organization is still little more than a name. Although vaguely aware that it exists to preserve both the natural and man-made beauties of the country, they cannot say, without looking at a reference book, precisely what it is and how it originated.

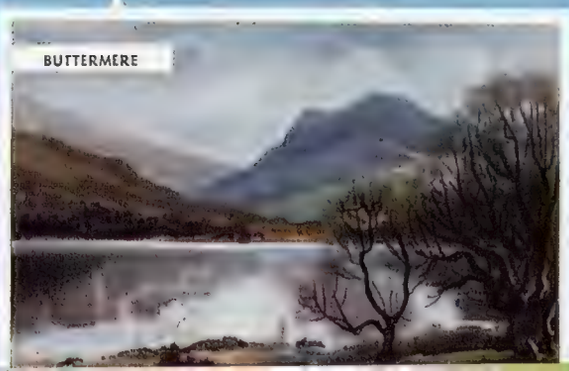
What, then, is the National Trust or, to quote its full title, the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty? The first thing to remember about it is that, despite its name, it is not a Government organization. It is a private one, controlled by private individuals, and it receives no Government subsidy whatever.

Its objects? It exists for the purpose of "promoting the permanent preservation for the benefit of the nation of lands and tenements (including buildings) of beauty and historic interest, and as regards lands for the preservation of their natural aspect, features, and animal and plant life."

There is no doubt that the National Trust has carried out this policy in a brilliantly successful manner. To-day it owns nearly 200,000 acres of the loveliest land in England, Wales and Northern Ireland —there is a separate National (*Continued on page* 60)



A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY



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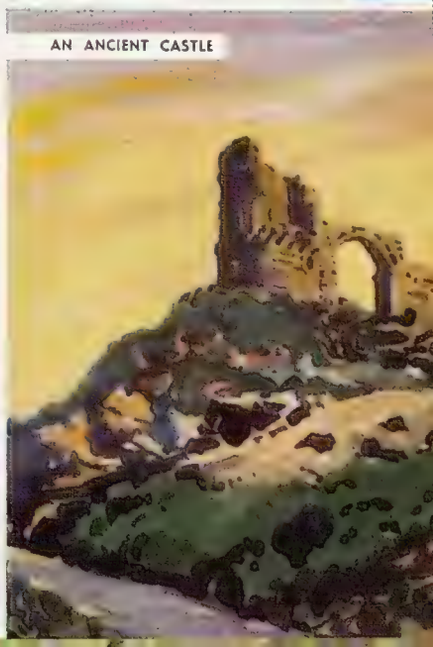


AN ANCIENT CASTLE

The Loved One

by Victor Edwards

Illustration by Frank Lea

ANTOINE LEMAÎTRE went to the homes of the other five village growers and invited them to taste his new wine. And the next evening he put on his frock coat which he had not worn since the liberation and sat down in the cellar to wait for his guests.

"Pig!" bellowed Madame Lemaître down the stairs at him. "Clod! Cabbage! Not even the courtesy to invite their wives."

For two hours she yelled insults at him. Antoine said nothing. He was a timid little man with a thin, wiry figure and balding head who spoke to his wife rarely and ignored all other women in the village, even the wives of his neighbours, because he was too shy to speak.

At last it was quiet. Madame Lemaître retreated. She had given herself a headache. Tranquilly, Antoine sat on a stool and smoked his pipe, thinking about the wine, hoping that the evening would be a success. If the growers thought it was a good wine perhaps he could make some money. . . .

He remembered when it had all started, the excitement when the box had arrived from Lima. He had stood in the yard, sleeves rolled up on his thin, wiry arms, the letter held straight out in front of him.

Madame Lamaître, fat, craggy-faced, twice his size and with a trumpet voice had stood beside him staring at the box which the truck men had dumped in the yard.

"All the way from LimaPeru"—she pronounced it as one word because it was like that on the stencilled label—"think of the expense," she kept shouting.

Antoine went on reading the letter slowly, making hard work of it.

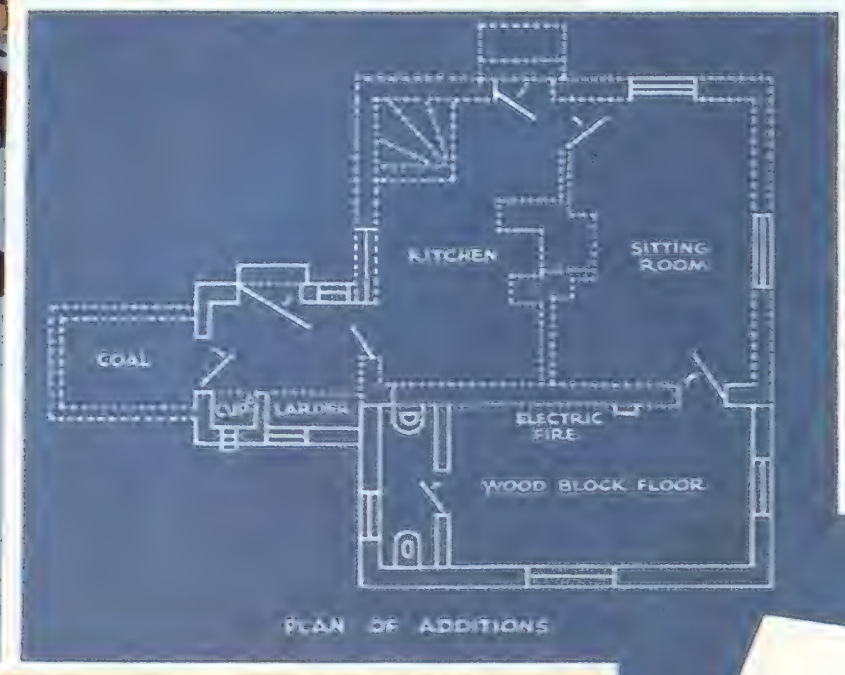
"Fancy throwing away money like this," his wife yelled.

Antoine straightened the steel-rimmed spectacles fixed on his seamed little face and said: "It may not be wasted." The wind stretched the huge shirt across his thin shoulders making it ripple like a flag at a mast. "He says: 'I am sending you three young vines from the Andes. The Indians cultivate them here and make a wine they call El Saraya which means 'the loved one.' It is a curious name is it not? I have not tasted the wine. The Indians say the vines are hardy. I hope, father and mother, they do not die before they reach you.'"

"What it must have cost him," bawled Madame (*Continued on page 62*)

HE took off his hat with a flourish. "Madame Lemaître," he said loudly, "being so close to the roses you have become as lovely as a rose yourself."

She stared at him and shouted: "You've had too much. You're drunk"



PLAN OF ADDITIONS

Building On To A Cottage

By Cecil Carey

MY diary says that on a Saturday in February, 1949, our architect came to see us about plans, but I am sure that was not his first visit. Late in 1948 we made up our minds to build on.

We wanted our new room on the ground floor, and we wanted to extend the existing brick shed and join it to the cottage, so that coals could be fetched under cover and a much-needed larder and cupboards be provided. Somehow, for more than twelve years we had made the cottage do as it was, detached, standing in an unusually planned little working-class group, up a narrow lane off the main road, measuring just eighteen feet by twenty-two, with four minute rooms and a bathroom.

We had built it, sold it, become its tenants and finally bought it back for four times what it had cost to build between the wars.

We loved it for its neat, square brick and tiled face looking south-east, its pagoda-shaped sheltering roof, its oddly-shaped garden with five sides to the grass plot—the clear view across the railway to fields and the old farm, and the graceful line of oaks.

We hated it for its incredible tightness, the necessity of warehousing nearly all our furniture, and always stacking our belongings one on top of the other. If anything new arrived something else had to go.

The fret of the kitchen work with just one cupboard to serve for larder, store room and china was considerable. There was not even room for a draining board between the gas stove and the sink. But we were independent of outside help, and it was a solace to think that if one could cook here, one could cook anywhere. Having withstood the (*Continued on page* 81)

Hocus Island

A Hunt For Treasure Which Ended In Financial Gain And Matrimonial Bliss For Two Of The Treasure Hunters

By Clive Burnley

THINGS looked ugly, when Lysander Todd met Hugh M'Kie. Unless you count Alinda Sonnet and Betty Todd, who were standing by: they took special precautions against looking ugly at any time.

But the prelude needs explaining. Lysander Todd was the Todd who offered to clothe New York's Statue of Liberty in gold-leaf, if they would let him put a neon sign on the end of her torch reading "Welcome to the Land of Todd's Toasties." That was the Todd, the wicked capitalist, as simple as a child, and rather like one in shape, scaled up a bit—with four chins and dimples on his elbows. As for Hugh M'Kie, he was also known by several other names, but his real one was Edwards, and he was Welsh enough to call himself a poet; in proof of which he plainly had a soul above routine nuisances like shaving and haircuts.

And these two men came face to face beneath the feather-fingered palms that line the blazing white beaches of Ratonera.

Have you never heard of Ratonera, as famous as Cocos and for the same reason? M'Kie did in fact call it Hocus Island, a name that stuck everywhere except on the charts. There was treasure on Hocus. Well authenticated, historically proven, as certain as the Great Pyramids or the Battle of Hastings. Pieces of eight, doubloons, gold plate, jewels, to an incredible value (so they said), cached there by Captain Quail, who was wrecked on the reef and had to get away in the longboat, and was finally hung up beside the Thames, dead as a cured ham, before he had any chance of getting back to his safe deposit. These were facts, not doubted either by Lysander Todd or Harvard University; for a generation the preparation of blood-stained maps of Hocus, with X's marking the spot, had been a flourishing waterside industry.

Todd bought such a map for a block of Toastie shares in a swank Central American yacht club.

And so his thousand-ton diesel yacht, which he so expressively called the *Lysander Todd*, swung at her anchor within the sheltering reefs of Anchorage Bay, glittering cleanly like some gigantic bathroom fitting, gleaming from white hull, red-mouthed ventilators, green boot topping, buff funnel.

"I've never been beaten yet awhile," said Lysander Todd, and really believed it.

THE gear was coming ashore: the yellow plastic prefabricated hutments, mine detectors, winches for pulling down trees, explosives, shotguns, the jeep on caterpillars, the cine-cameras, the aneroid barometers; there would have been a helicopter, but it had crashed in Honduras.

Landing this gear were the men who were expected to use it; brisk people with the word TODD in big blue letters across their white singlets. These were the crew. Watching and directing were Todd and his guests, who numbered ten—daughter Betty, hay-haired and running buxomly to flesh, heiress to the Todd Toastie millions; Alinda Sonnet, who was a poor relation, and had complexes about it, although not noticeably, for she was prettier than most pictures; and eight other people of both sexes who do not matter very much.

They hustled and bustled there in the hot sun beneath the feather-fingered palms that line the blazing white sands of Ratonera.

And up from the sou'-sou'-west, edging along the corners of an unfavourable wind, with blotched canvas and red-leaded hull, as mottled as a dirty handkerchief in a catarrhal climate, came the ragged schooner *Calypso*, with Hugh M'Kie leaning over the rail, and one-eyed Larsen at the wheel, and Bill Partridge playing checkers with Broth-of-a-Boy, the Senegambian cook.

THEY both looked again and realized instantly that they were not rocks at all, but two brass-bound chests the size of cabin trunks

When these people came ashore, Betty said, "Can't we just have the treasure without the pirates?" and Alinda felt glad they had the shotguns and the four automatic revolvers hanging up in a glass case in Captain Johnson's state room. M'Kie made for Todd; there was six foot four inches of M'Kie, and it was naked to the waist except for a mottled growth across the thorax.

"M'Kie's the name. Guess we're both here after the same thing."

"Is that so?" said Todd. "Then I reckon we don't both have concessions from the government in San Cristobal—I have."

"Concessions? Not for me. I don't have handcream for those guys in San Cristobal. Name's M'Kie, not Todd."

"I guess you'll have to clear out of it, then," said Todd. "My concession covers the whole island, for three months. Exclusive."

"Don't care if it covers the Canal Zone as well," said M'Kie. "I worked a lifetime to finance this trip, and I can't do it twice. Here I am, and here I stay. If you think your bunch of dude sailors can throw us out, you're welcome to try. But they were picked for their manners at table, by the look of 'em."

"If you stay," said Todd, "I'll radio San Cristobal——"

"Call the cops, eh? But there aren't any cops. There's a river gunboat with a two-foot draught and a four-pounder gun. They never fire the gun, because if they did the boat would fall to bits. Okay, Mr. Todd . . . radio San Cristobal . . . it won't hurt me."

"I sure will," said Todd. "And another thing. You don't have a chance, M'Kie. I know where the treasure is . . . to within a foot. And I got science on my side." He waved his hand at the jeep by way of explanation.

"Science? You can have it. I've got magic. His name's Happy Andrew, and he goes around with a stick in his hands, and he can find oil, or gold, or water, or buried corpses. Divining. If it wasn't for the drink, he'd be worth a dozen Todds. As it is, he's worth six of science."

"It won't do," said Todd. "You'll have to get to hell out of it. This island's mine, for three months, anyway."

"Not that we need it that long," said Betty. "We know where the stuff is . . . sure enough."

"Which end of the island . . . north or south?"

Only an heiress could have been such a fool; she pointed and said, "That end," before anyone could stop her.

"Sure now!" cried M'Kie, "that makes everything easy! My information is the north end . . . the other one. So we run a line across the island and halve it. What d'you say?"

"I say my concession covers the whole island."

And it might have come to fisticuffs there and then, under the feather-fingered palms that stand beside the blazing sands of Ratonera—for Todd was at the duodenal age, and irritable when flouted—had it not been for two neutrals. Bill Partridge stuck his rugged young face into the group and said, "Can't talk about it here—too many people!" which was probably true, because everyone who had been within sight was now within earshot. And Alinda Sonnet said "Uncle Toastie!" (as she called him) "Let's take 'em aboard the yacht and give 'em a drink, and it'll settle itself!"

IT was therefore in the oak-panelled after-lounge of the *Lysander Todd*, with a clink of iced drinks and a powerful perfume of West Indian cigar smoke, that the treaty of Anchorage Bay was drawn up and signed. Todd didn't think he was giving away anything: he knew where the treasure was, sure enough—hadn't he bought the map in the most expensive club in the hemisphere?

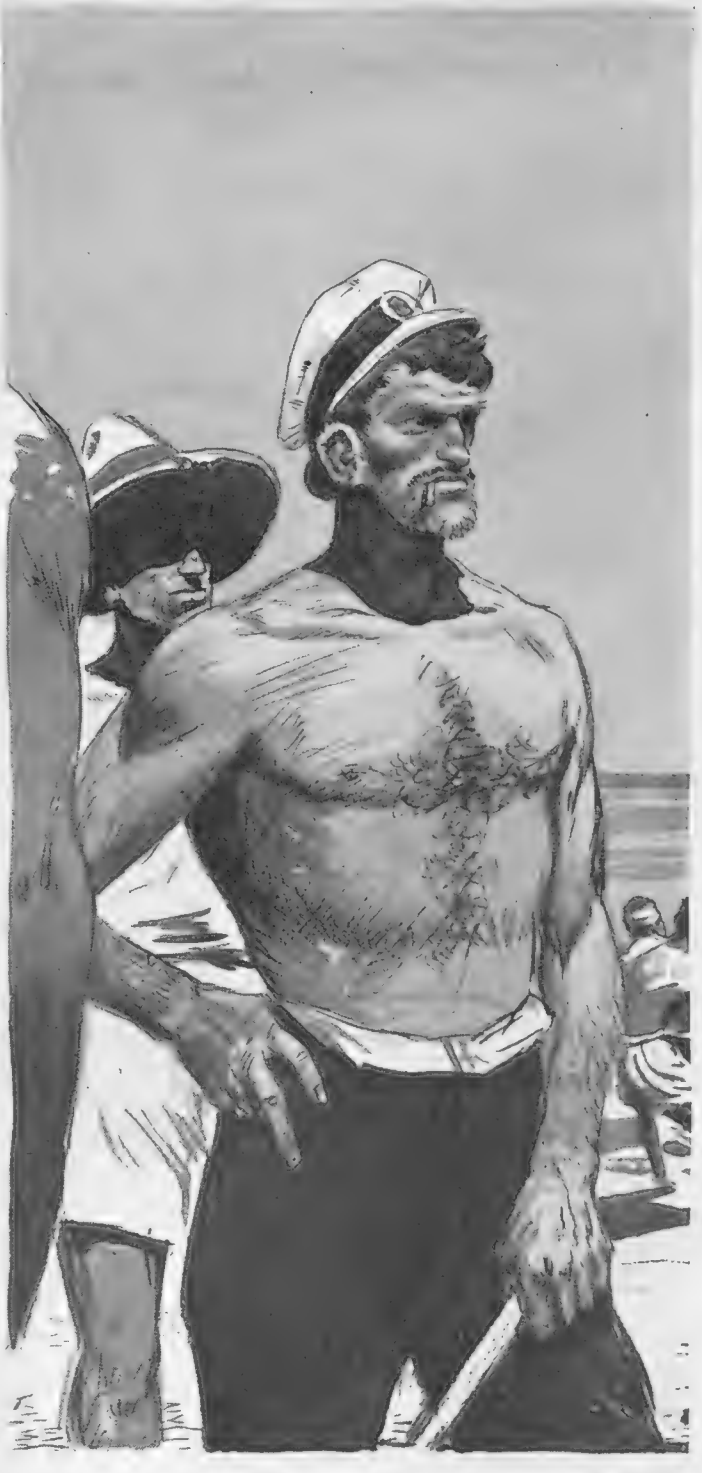
The dividing line was drawn on the chart there and then, very firmly and capably, by Captain Johnson himself, from Anchorage Bay to Cabot San Martin. It was Bill Partridge who suggested the rocket station, to be set up where the line crossed the ridge; firing rockets singly was to mean that Todd had struck gold, in pairs they would mark M'Kie's triumph.

"Easy!" said Bill, and smiled at Alinda in a peculiar way he had, on the right side of his face only. "I never knew politics was that simple."

But although his teeth were regular enough to be false, the whites of his eyes clear enough to be glass, she was still not convinced that they weren't all pirates on the *Calypso*.

And thus it fell out, beneath the feather-fingered palms of Ratonera, on those blazing white sands, upon that tropic shore so deeply populated by bugs and ten-inch centipedes, that the two gold-seekers set about their treasure-hunt on either side of the line of white posts which were erected (and still stand) at fifty-feet intervals from coast to coast—the Todd expedition, in sun suits or white drill or singlets with TODD printed on them, and the M'Kie guerrillas who, with the possible exception of Bill Partridge, looked rather like Quail's boys might have done, in torsos and scraps. These two groups of people, to the astonishment and even the disappointment of Betty Todd, who had expected bloodshed, headlines and a Hollywood contract, which she would have valued more than her great expectations—these two groups of people observed meticulously the provisions of the treaty and the principals even exchanged cordial and rather intemperate visits.

Illustrations by Tony Weare



Todd was at first a little put out to discover that the topography of Ratonera did not at all agree with that so vividly shown on his old and bloodstained map, but he blew up a good deal of the crag at Porthole Point and made the island fit the data a little better. After that his people cleared an acre and a half of jungle and dug several great holes, finding one rusted table knife, a pearl button, and an empty tin of Norwegian crab paste. Meanwhile, whenever the M'Kie party was sighted it was seen trooping along in a cheering procession behind Happy Andrew, the redheaded diviner, who carried a twig in one hand and a bottle in the other, and who every now and again lay down, as determined as a mule, and went to sleep.

The treasure was actually found late on a Sunday afternoon.

Alinda Sonnet had always been very conscious of Uncle Toastie's millions and of her own poverty; she knew enough of Uncle Toastie to be pretty certain that she couldn't hope for more than a fistful of pieces of eight as a keepsake—so that there had been born in her head the romantic idea that she should locate the loot unaided and so qualify for a larger share.

She was encouraged in this notion because most of the digging was now being

done handy to the shore and the streams —which were the places sailors would come to, and the spots most likely to have been avoided, she fancied, by Captain Quail, who would have made sure that no casual wooding-and-watering party should light by chance on his ill-gotten gold.

Wherefore she came strolling, in light-blue slacks, and brassière, over the shoulders of the little peak which is called the Lesser Rat, not much caring that she was in M'Kie's territory, late that summer afternoon, nine hundred feet above the feather-fingered palms that waved along the blazing sands. And there was Bill Partridge, sitting on the edge of a turfy little cliff, smoking a pipe, wearing a gold-braided Mexican sombrero and a pair of trousers.

"I suppose I'm trespassing," she said, and the peculiar smile ran up the side of Bill Partridge's face. He said, "No iron curtains here," and then before she had time to snub him and pass on, a little black lightning streaked across the ground at her feet.

It was a half-inch crack, widening rapidly to infinite breadth; as it widened the outer ten feet of the cliff fell away with a sort of grunt; and as it fell she and Bill Partridge, with a scream and an oath, fell also.

But it was safer than some toboggan rides. They fetched up with the debris sixty feet down the slope. The only casualty was an important piece of elastic, and when Alinda hurriedly transferred the silk handkerchief from her head to where it was more urgently needed Bill called it a real South Sea touch, which infuriated her. "Now if you only had a grass skirt . . ." said he.

What prevented her walking away in a fury forthwith was the fact that she first glanced back up the newly uncovered slope, and that Bill looked in the same direction at the same time, and that they both saw, sticking out of the soft, red earth, two square rocks—and that they both looked again and realized instantly that they were not rocks at all, but two brass-bound chests the size of cabin trunks; and then of course they knew what they were.

"The Treasure!" Nothing less.

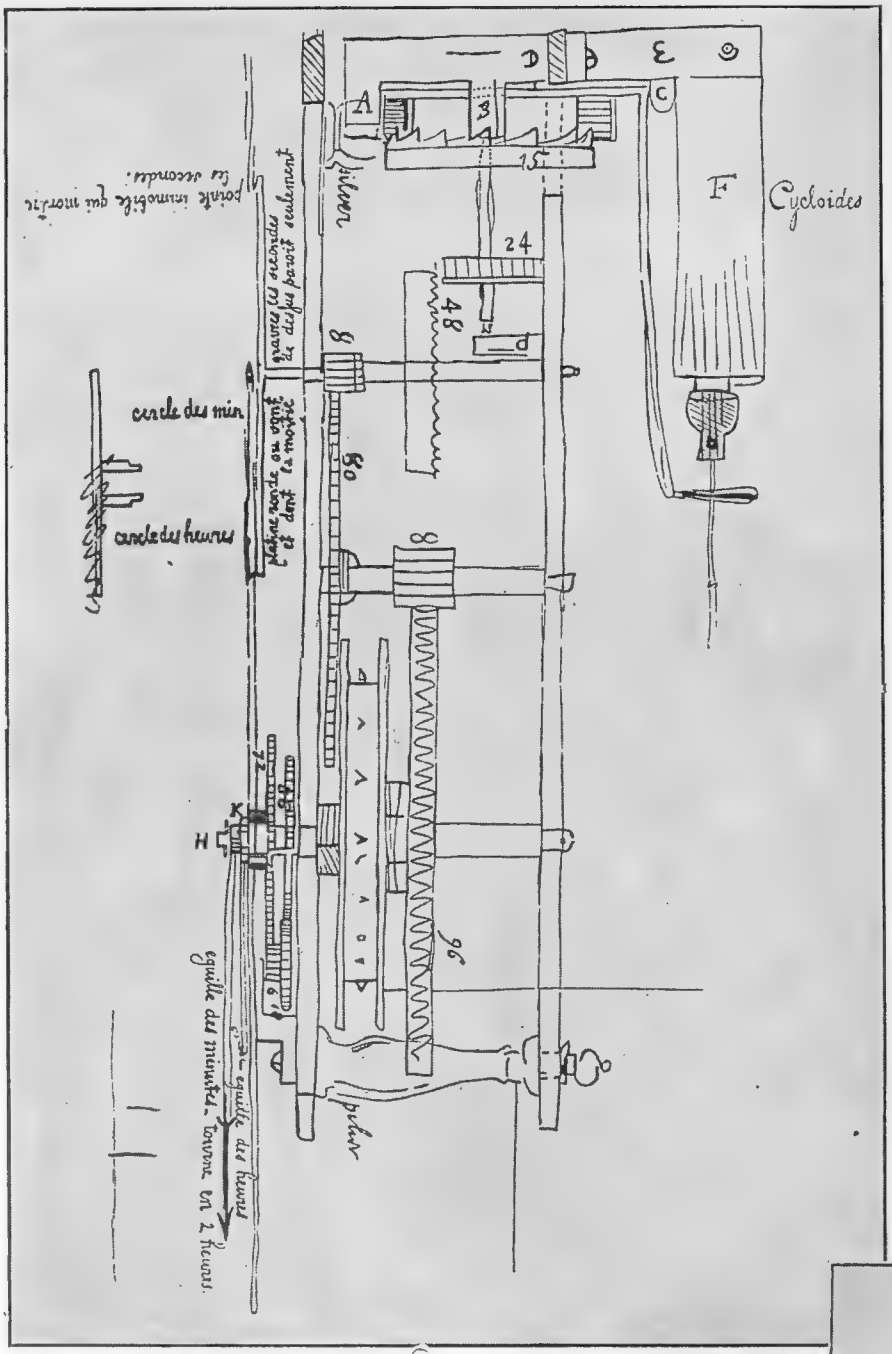
The conspiracy did not begin to take shape until they had lugged out the chests, slid them down the slope, utterly failed to open them, and covered them again with loose earth, from some squirrel-like instinct—it was then that Alinda said, adjusting her scarlet silk kerchief for the fifth time:

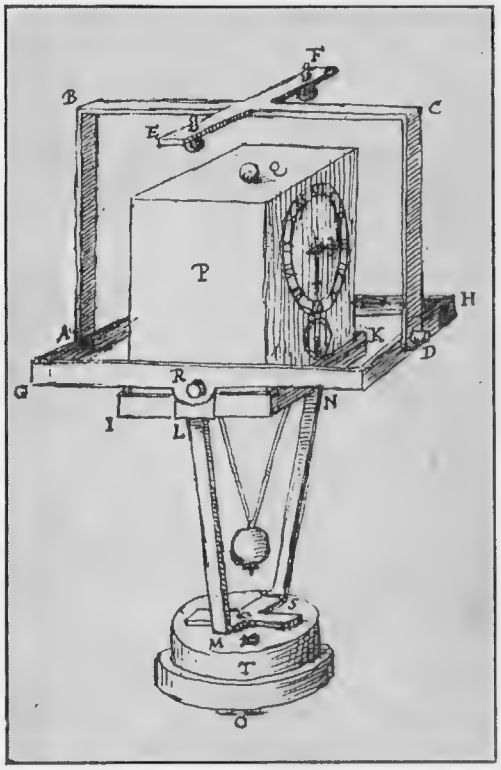
"I suppose it's M'Kie's. It's on his side. And you're here." (*Continued on page 70*)

THERE was six foot four inches of M'Kie, and it was naked to the waist except for a mottled growth across the thorax. He said to Todd: "Guess we're both here after the same thing"

The Way To The Stars

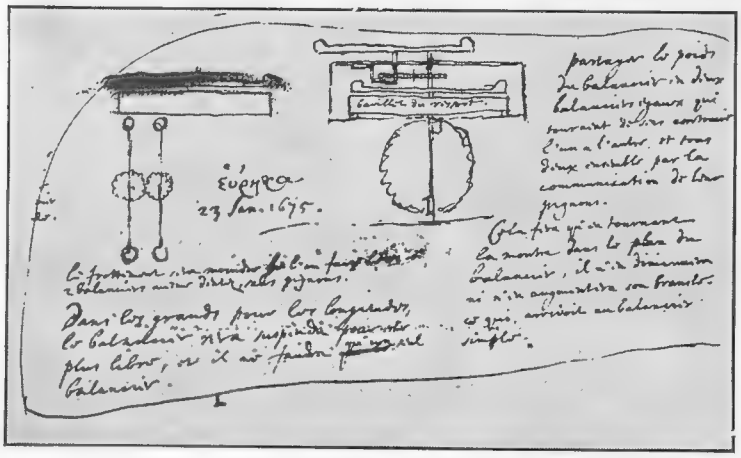
Reproductions of some of the sketches made by Christiaan Huygens



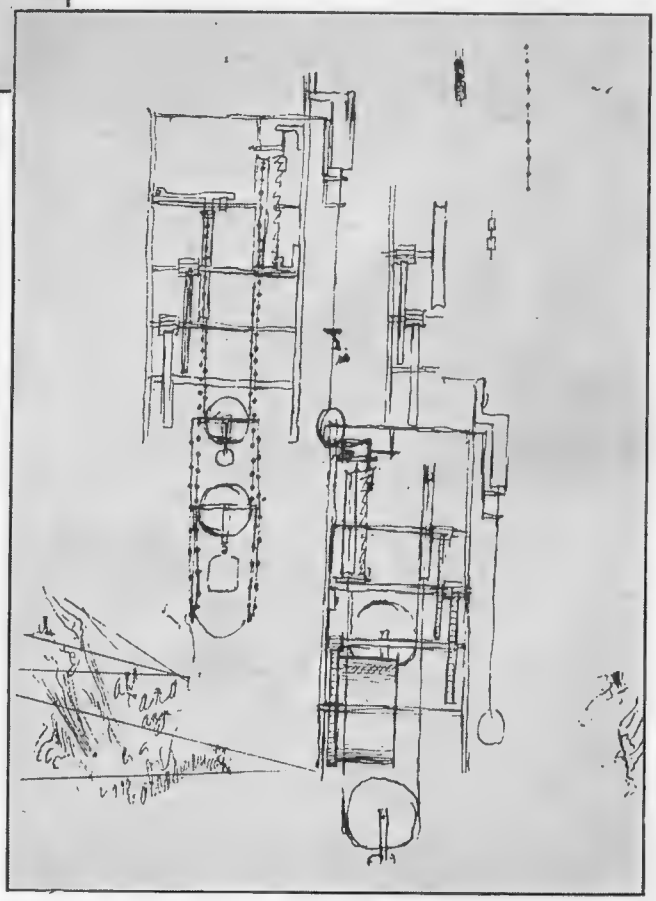


Sketch for a gimbals device to keep a marine clock level—essential for a sailing ship in the 1670s, before the days of gyro stabilizers

(*On left*) Though many of his sketches were a maze of detailed complexity, he sometimes finished a sketch with all the care of a trained draughtsman. Here is the side view design of a pendulum-chronometer which he used in his own private observatory to check solar time



Huygens seldom dated his sketches, and if the designs were secret he often made the notes on them in Latin or in secret mirror-writing. This detail sketch for a telescopic part is described in French and is dated January 23, 1675



(*On right*) Do geniuses doodle? Here is a Huygens sketch for a remontoire (a precision device to turn telescopes by clockwork, in time with the rotation of the earth) and at the side of the carefully drawn sketch are signs of scratches and doodling

The Way To The Stars

The Story Of The Famous Dutch Scientist—Christiaan Huygens—And How The Records Of His Work Were Saved For Posterity

By George Graham

THIS is the story of a distinguished man of science who, though his country was at war with Britain nearly three centuries ago, rose nevertheless above the anger and agony of human conflict, and was accepted as a friend in the Royal Court at Whitehall.

It is also the story of a pork-butcher in Florence, Italy, who bought a mass of old papers with which to wrap up his wares; and among those papers there had been tied up for twenty-five years the most prized secret documents and drawings of this great inventor.

To my mind the oddest thing about these joint stories is that their hero, Christiaan Huygens, though one of the world's greatest men judged by the standards of achievement, is to-day virtually unknown outside the ranks of scientists.

At this moment while we live in fear of the H-bomb, menaced by world-shattering missiles straight from the laboratory, there are still a few who dream of finding the way to the stars. These are the optimistic few who hope that atomic power may be harnessed to making possible journeys to the Moon, or to meet the Martians for tea. . . .

When this day comes we shall have to turn again to the private papers of Christiaan Huygens, a man probably of even greater vision in his day than was Sir Isaac Newton or Sir Christopher Wren (and all three were friends), for Huygens—using tools we now consider primitive and ridiculous was nevertheless among the first to find the way to the stars. A dreamer? No—he risked his reputation and even his life to make ocean navigation safer and possible over greater distances.

In one great discovery he proved the existence of Saturn's "rings" and the so-called canals on Mars; and in the next breath he was arguing with Samuel Pepys and high-jacked by mariners on an expedition to expel the Turks from Crete—when the windjammers sailed under the guidance of his marine chronometers.

CHRISTIAAN HUYGENS
1629 — 1695

HUYGENS lived and worked at The Hague at the close of the seventeenth century. That is a great gap of time from the present, and you might suppose that much is just history-book stuff, with hearsay facts about which we cannot be too sure.

But Christiaan Huygens, like his friend and contemporary Galileo, recorded all his secrets, discoveries and inventions. In a multitude of manuscript books he wrote his notes in French, Latin, Dutch or in secret cipher, or mirror-writing. He made copious sketches, rough diagrams and finished drawings. His manuscripts and vital documents ranged from tiny details of clocks and watches to the great discoveries in the solar system.

About the only English tribute to him, or record of him, is that in Pepys's Diary for April 1–11, 1661. On that day Huygens was elected to the company of a select little group of men of science, because of his discovery of Saturn's rings.

"That great mathematician and virtuoso Monsieur Zulichem," (Pepys, in the fashion of the day, was using the place-name to describe Huygens of Zulichem), "inventor of the pendule clock, and discoverer of the phenomenon of Saturn's annulus, was this day elected into our Society."

The Society? A year after Huygens was admitted, it received its charter granting the title "The Royal Society." So the great little Dutchman was made a member of the Royal Society a year before it was formed, and while Britain was on the threshold of yet another Royal war with the Dutch!

Even before an epoch when it was only the scientists who made the weapons of war, the clashing of politics and of politically-inspired wars hampered Huygens's work—and even endangered it after his death.

MANY of his vital manuscripts came into the possession of the library of the University of Leiden, where despite the Nazi terror Prof. J. A. Vollgraff continued his painstaking research into Huygens's discoveries. The sketches on the opposite page are reproduced direct from the pages of Huygens's own sketch-books of around 1675. The precious originals were stored in secret cellars in Holland so that they could not be rifled for Goering's private collection, nor accidentally destroyed by R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. bombers.

The incident of the pork-butcher saved for civilization some of the more secret papers and letters, endangered two centuries ago under very peculiar circumstances.

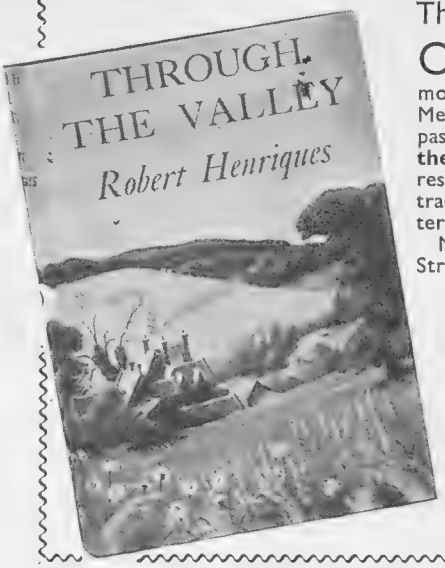
There was rivalry between the two contemporaries, Galileo and Huygens. Both, in fact, are credited with having invented the pendulum clock—the basis of accurate timekeeping without which we could not hope to use giant astronomical telescopes to search the stars. For a period around the years 1665 Huygens's documents were being regularly sent to Galileo; so when the latter died there existed among his unpublished manuscripts and scientific correspondence some of the essential clues to Huygens's own work. All these precious papers were given to Galileo's lifelong friend and companion, Vicenzio Viviani. Galileo's widow died in 1669 and Viviani was appointed her executor, too, and then took charge of all the secret Huygens documents. A quarter of a century later, when Viviani was on his deathbed, the Roman Inquisition had become very powerful in Tuscany, and Viviani feared that the papers might compromise him, might even be destroyed. He hid them away in his house in Florence in a corn-bin (*buca di grano*) and there they stayed until 1737, after the death of Viviani and his heir. The executors sold the corn-bin and the papers by weight to the pork-butcher.

For a handful of coins the butcher had accidentally acquired what to-day would be worth a fortune. But nobody then knew or cared about the Dutch scientist, and realizing only that the papers referred to Galileo the pork-butcher took them to Clemente de Nelli, a Florentine senator and champion of the literary glory of Italy. Nelli bought them, published an edited edition privately, and found that the emphasis of interest was not on the Italian Galileo, but on the greater Dutchman, Huygens! Nelli was not an over-cautious historian, and had he lived to see the day he might have (*Continued on page* 69)

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

AS summer ripens to autumn most of us have gathered memories of interesting and lovely places, so may we talk of a few? First, Ajijic, Mexico, Dane Chandos's idyllic *Village in the Sun*. He tells us in a sequel to that enchanting book — "House in the Sun" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) —that he has turned his home into a hotel, and running one in Mexico certainly has its humours. Humpel, a German mining engineer, stipulated that he must have a bottle of "colded" beer nightly at his bed, a charcoal stove and oven on the veranda, since he had "troubles with his bowels" and cooked for himself. Also, he had a passion for writing notes: "Sir! Would you be so kind to keep in your ice, but in dry angle, my yeast? There are ten (10) grams. Rinds of fruit from the kitchen would pleasure my parrots if not else disposed. Please counsel all that my man parrot, who has the yellow headtop, is angry and attacktive. I thank you." And after the *woman* parrot had bitten the child of a guest: "Sir! I regret the maiden's peck, but it is not to blame for Gustele, my woman parrot, who was tickled by the maiden and who does not like the tickle. It is Nature." About natives, scene, and the daily round Mr. Chandos is both vivid and amusing. A rarity among books, consistently enjoyable.



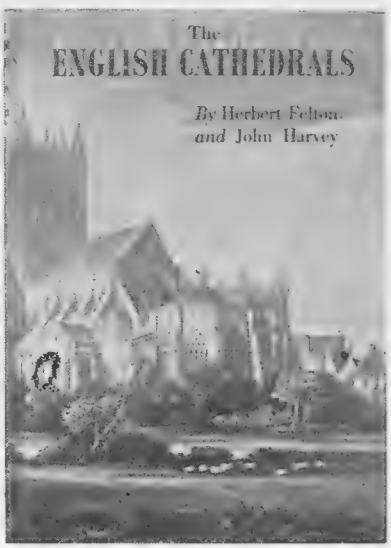
The Old Order Passes

ONE of the social tragedies of our day is the break-up of old county families, their homes and estates under mounting taxation, death duties, and upkeep costs. The Merediths of Neapcaster Park in the Cotswolds typify this passing of the old order in Robert Henriques's **"Through the Valley"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.). Sensitive to their social responsibilities, hospitable to the countryside, they gave traditional colour to the community. Now they are scattered, in a society hostile or indifferent to all they represent.

Mr. Henriques portrays their decline from 1926, General Strike year, to 1948 in a broadly-conceived saga of some 300,000 words. Above or below stairs, he is equally effective: with huntin', fishin', shootin', landed gentry and City magnates, their bailiffs, gamekeepers, tenant farmers, their butlers, footmen, grooms, maids; with gunroom and boudoir, hunting field and town night-haunt, Gentile and Jew—of which he gives subtly perceptive portraits in the characters of Daniel Levine and his son David. Uneven the story may be, owing to its vast scope; but here, beyond question, is one of the finest novels of our generation, not just to be read but *lived in* with that complete absorption only the best command.

A FISHING hut at Trostrey Pool on the Usk, with husband and small son, was the retreat of Mrs. Dorothea Eastwood, who records nature events from March to November in "River Diary" (Wingate, 12s. 6d.). As poet, painter, botanist and angler's wife she has a sensitive eye for Welsh Border beauties and wild life; also a ready ear for son Hugo's ardent prattlings. "Oh, I *do* like my Mummy and Daddy, I'm so glad they're not Hostile Parents!" he exclaimed, hugging her; and after catching elvers in the gravel pools: "Mummy, if I kill these elvers, how will they get to Heaven? Will the angels pull them on lines, or will they swim up in their new bodies?" Exquisite writing makes this more than just the ordinary log of country delights.

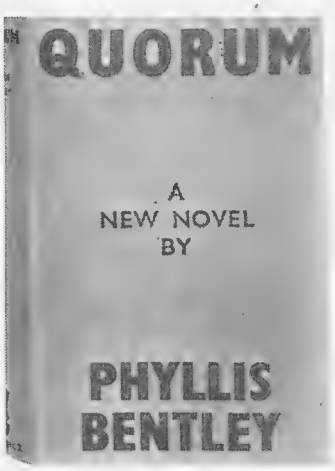
To treat our superb cathedrals as a unity, a series of related works of art, is John Harvey's aim in "The English Cathedrals" (Batsford, 18s.). To the Middle Ages, he reminds us, the cathedral was the ruling art-form, as the symphony was in the Age of Taste. Herbert Felton contributes 160 exemplary gravure photographs whose beauty is only eclipsed by the watercolour frontispiece of Turner's "Salisbury Cathedral." A handsome book for a much closer study than the local guides afford.

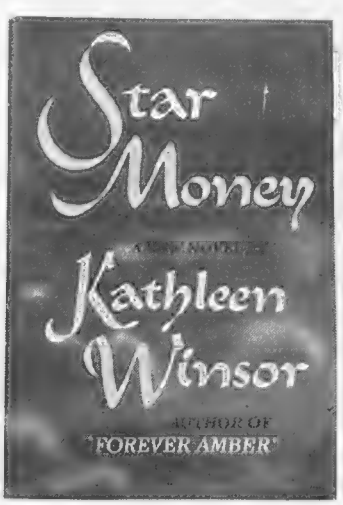


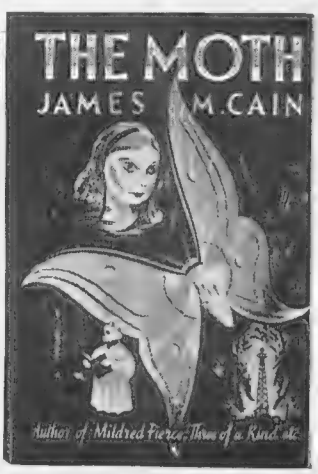
Equally distinctive are the nearly ninety quarto-page half-tone photographs of E. W. Tattersall in "Oxford and Cambridge in Pictures" (Phœnix, 25s.) with brief notes on the colleges, churches, byways, ancient houses, and historic personalities by R. G. Burnet. This, too, is a handsome volume, admirable as a souvenir.

"Behind all the ruins and the grandeur," writes Laurence Scarfe in "Rome" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), "behind the works of art, lies the web of human intrigue—pomps, conquests, viciousness, aspirations, ideals, cruelties and slavery, which make up the record of man's progress through the centuries. . . . In the face of such a complicated history one can only remain an amateur, and take possession of such small fragments as fit one's temperament." Here and there one detects the amateur in his written impressions, though never in his bold, vigorous drawings; but they pretend to be no more than vivid "fragments written by a traveller at leisure."

EDWARD HUTTON'S revised and enlarged "Rome" (Hollis & Carter, 16s.) has the stately style of forty years ago, when it was first published, and the empurpling which was then fashionable: "In this, too, is her eternity, that men have always longed for her as for a beloved mistress. She, what she stands for, is the hope of the world and its despair: her life is a consuming fire that none may quench . . ." I can almost hear the more realistic Scarfe murmuring, "Come off it!" but Hutton is still incomparably the (*Continued on page* 86)







Autumn Bag

A handbag is your most important accessory, and here are points to bear in mind when choosing them

A HANDBAG should be chosen, like a hat, to be pleasing and decorative, functional and entirely suitable to the garments with which it makes a team. A good handbag gives a cachet to clothes and outlasts the cheaper one by far. Choose practical, good-looking leather for daily use and a trim, compact, more decorative affair for special wear. Don't carry a heavy leather bag with a silk dress, or an outsize bag if you are small. Choose something with a sturdy framework if your handbags get hard wear. A misshapen, overloaded handbag deals a heavy blow to chic.

From these pictured bags you should be able to choose something to your purpose for autumn. A neat, capacious calf bag in black is at the top on the right for the taller woman. A smaller, but still roomy, design in calf (ideal for coats and suits) is in the centre. The calf bag on the left at the top is large, with a scalloped edge—good with a winter coat. The two grosgrain bags commend themselves as partners for softer afternoon dresses. Write to us for particulars of where the bags can be obtained.

Mechanical Age Of Beauty

Has it brought us a stereotyped glamour deficient in the profounder graces, asks Mollie Hales?

THERE was once a young man who arose one morning resolved to ask a certain beautiful young woman to marry him. So, in his haste, he asked her to lunch and, in great anticipatory excitement and emotion, suggested a restaurant far beyond his means and sought her views about wine, the general idea being to establish that this was an Occasion. To this splendid gesture she replied that "to-day is no good because I'm having a perm; to-morrow perhaps, and as to the wine, it's all one to me."

The young man, being of highly civilized tastes, straightway engaged to spend his money on a young woman with straight hair and a taste for the art of living; and, of course, he eventually married her.

Now this is all very far-fetched but is there a moral to be drawn from the inference that the women of this mechanical and scientific age are leaning too heavily upon artificial aids to feminine allure, to the detriment of natural grace? Is the craftsmanship of womanhood—if one may give it the term—disappearing, in common with so many of those other crafts which once gave an aesthetic finish to life?

Our grandmothers, and those women before them, were taught to draw, to play a musical instrument, to speak foreign languages, to embroider, to cook, and above all, to "deport" themselves. Perhaps these accomplishments were often as abortive in effect as our current searches after a stereotyped glamour, but could there not be a modern equivalent of that old ideal of feminine grace to suit the hurried, egalitarian, utilitarian, exciting mid-twentieth century?

At a like age with the woman in the facing picture Miss 1950 glories in the freedom of near-nudity

I SUPPOSE the answer to this will be that there is no time, yet I cannot help feeling that inclination has something to do with it. Our values have changed, and the accepted arts of femininity now seem directed towards making a quick, bright impression rather than to the cultivation of individual qualities.

You may say that if one of these women of a bygone age were to be translated into our own time she would be useless, because her piano-playing, her embroidering, her sketching, could find no place in the pattern of to-day. And you would very probably be right, for the accomplishments that suit one set of circumstances do not necessarily fit in with another. But it is the principle which has to be studied—those women, in their essential education, did not apply their care only to their skins, their hair, their finger-nails. They attempted, too, a wider cultivation. And although some intellects will always remain impervious to cultivation—witness the younger Bennet girls in *Pride and Prejudice*—yet I feel sure that the average middle-class young woman had a sort of quiet self command usually so sadly lacking to-day.

To translate those ideas of feminine culture to the present is a large and important topic which cannot, I feel, be adequately discussed here. But there are some accomplishments which spring to mind as possible substitutes for those that were considered appropriate to the past. I would not, by any means, suggest that the arts of physical beauty should be discarded. The cream jars, the permanent waves, the massage, are too valuable to be neglected. But there are a few arts which seem to me worth a careful consideration by any woman who values her own personality : the art of listening, (*Continued on page* 88)

This outfit in the contemporary mood and the one above was designed and made by students of the Royal College of Art School of Fashion Design

Encased in satin, straight-haired and innocent of cosmetics. Sweet and twenty in 1890.

Youth—these sisters were in their twenties—was camouflaged by clothes of a modest severity.

The elaborate costume, the impressive coiffure were privileges of the well-to-do. Frills and furbelows were the only camouflage for imperfections of face and form.

Grandma's Grace

SIDE by side with the modern young women facing them, these family album ladies may appeal, or not, according to one's assessment of feminine grace, but it must be accredited to them that, in the battle for beauty, they had much to contend with and contended nobly. No perms, few cosmetics came to aid them. An imperfect complexion, straight hair or mousey colouring were tricks of Fate to be met with a modest resignation and a more particular attention to womanly accomplishments. In this struggle against odds it must be admitted that they emerged with a greater mastery of the essential qualities of grace than our present dependence upon a superficial glamour permits to-day.

The Wood Merits A Setting

When wood is lovely in its own right, independently of the form which the furniture designer has created, it will answer up to a setting which enhances its natural beauty. SAM BEAZLEY tells how to choose a setting for a variety of woods.

Above : A light wall throws pretty reflections on to polished mahogany ; a dark, rich carpet complements without detracting from its colour. Below : Tactful carpets, stone, moss-green or fawn, fitted to the walls, flatter walnut and the lighter inlaid woods of the eighteenth century.

"IT 'S terrible," she said, "I had my dining-room carpet dyed dark bottle-green—quite a lovely shade in itself—but it makes my oak furniture look as dingy as deal."

This, coming from a particularly proud housewife, was serious, and it set me thinking of the relationship between furniture and its setting and of the importance of choosing the right colour and texture of fabrics, carpets and paintwork or wallpaper to enhance the beauty of the wood instead of detracting from it.

This problem has always been in the minds of decorators. In the Eighteenth Century great designers like William Kent and the Adam brothers, and in the Victorian era, William Morris, would conceive a room as a single artistic entity. From carpet to ceiling every detail would harmonise, and the gilt, mahogany or oak furniture fitted perfectly into the whole scheme.

Though rooms on this scale are beyond most of us these days, a little careful planning can give us a home in which it is a pleasure to live, where your antique, reproduction or modern furniture look their best against a becoming background.

My friend's furniture, which had been so insulted by the carpet, is old Welsh oak, and she had meant her carpet to enhance its mellow tones, but as it turned out, the colour she chose is too forceful, and only "steals" the colouring of the wood. A less vigorous shade would have been preferable, like the more subdued types of Turkey or Oriental rugs.

With the light woods so much used for modern furniture, use neutral-coloured carpet or modern rugs, but never Orientals unless they are Moorish, which have a special affinity with current designs.

Oak shows its dark, rich hues against colours which are clear and sharp but not so vigorous as to submerge its own subtle warmth.

Plain or coloured matting is effective too. So far, so sombre, but to give an oak room life and gaiety, try colour-washing or painting the walls with clean, bright country colours, white, pink or yellow. Avoid the ubiquitous cream. It is safe, but dull, and fades to horrid beige.

In revolt against mid-Victorian stuffiness, William Morris designed some lovely wallpapers and fabrics which are now enjoying a revival in popularity with the discerning. They go perfectly with oak, which Morris used a great deal, and a particular and well-deserved favourite has always been the green-and-white willow leaf.

For curtains, sharp colours are gay. Lime-green, lemon-yellow, or cherry-red. Light folk-weaves, too, come into their own with oak, either banded, bound or fringed with brightly-contrasting colours.

If you have been brought up on printed linens, this is your chance to use them happily. Be as Jacobean as you please; you will never do it so successfully again. As for chintzes (for which I have a great weakness), from the more old-fashioned types to Allan Walton's modern designs, you can hardly go wrong. And please, if you can manage it, use lots of flowers in pottery or Staffordshire bowls and jugs.

Oak can be carved in the solid to give variety of surface, but with the Age of Walnut new treatments evolved. Elaborate marquetry, introduced from Holland by William and Mary, became fashionable. Walnut itself was usually veneered on a soft-wood carcase, with the grain making a symmetrical design.

To give this furniture its full value our ancestors hung rich, glowing brocades from deeply-fringed pelmets—materials which glimmered but never shone (as our modern rayons do). Ridged brocatelles, the pattern standing out in relief, velvets and many tassels. It is now possible to get silk and cotton damasks once more.

Gold and rich scarlets give beauty to both old and modern walnuts, also wine and peacock blue, as well as a very carefully-chosen soft Celadon green. Avoid anything harsh or shiny: it makes your walnut, however good, look cheap.

Panelled walls are a fitting background to walnut, either painted white or green, but as panelling is rare and expensive, try fixing a light wooden moulding in panel shapes, and paint the same as the wall. It is extremely effective and makes the best furniture look just that much better.

Tactful carpets, stone, moss-green or fawn, close-fitted to the shape of the floor, will flatter walnut, and, again, use subdued rugs. The same goes for mahogany, the favourite wood of such master craftsmen as Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton. It is dark, with a hint of rosiness, fading through the years to a lovely lightness. Place it against the soft, lighter tones: that "Adam Green" which has become famous, can be used in gloss, or (even prettier) semi-gloss paint. Light lilac is a very graceful colour as a background for mahogany.

Wallpapers came to be used more extensively during the second half of the eighteenth century, and leading wallpaper firms now have a very fine range, based on original designs imaginatively treated for use in modern rooms, ranging from splendid floral patterns to the popular Regency stripe.

For curtains and covers, shimmering silks look best, with gracefully-draped pelmets. Lighter brocades also go happily with mahogany.

You surely have pieces of old china or glass, perhaps belonging to an ancestor, which you have treasured all your life? Reflected in well-polished mahogany or behind the glass of a bookcase, these will feel more at home than ever before, and in the evening will repay all that hard elbow-work which is such a bore in the light of dawn.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century satinwood became very fashionable, and although it is a little out of vogue now, I have a partiality for it myself, and one or two pieces judiciously placed can give a room a sort of summeriness. Rosy satins and watered silks seem to agree best with satinwood, but keep the materials from being too fussy. The grain of the wood is enough.

The word "Regency" rings familiarly and often inaccurately in modern ears, for much is attributed to that brief period which really belongs either earlier or later. But the elegant variety of Regency styles ranging through Gothic, Greek, Egyptian and Oriental seem to fit easily into modern rooms, and I believe that every lady secretly fancies herself in a Grecian attitude, stretched languidly on a settee "*à la* Madame Récamier." (*Continued on page 76*)

The Face of

Pride in the offspring—an unchanging human emotion—has for ever inspired parents to perpetuate the golden glow of youth. Between the works of the great masters and the casual records of the modern snap camera there is an affinity which shows in chubby faces and the clear, untroubled gaze of little sitters. An iron-caged waist, a constricting ruffle or a contemporary costume with a bias towards nudity makes little odds, however fanciful the costume of

Mischief in the faces of the "Graham Children," by Hogarth, extends to the cat's contemplation of the canary. By permission of the National Gallery.

Elizabethan ruffs and jewelled caps frame the chubby faces of sisters aged four and five.

Millais' painting, "The Orphans," from the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, reproduced by courtesy of Lord Iveagh (the owner of the picture) and of the L.C.C.

Alice-in-Wonderland tresses and Victorian furbelows. Whistler's portrait of Miss Cicely Alexander. Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.

Childhood

the period, childhood beams behind the outward trappings in perfect sovereignty over affectation.

A recent exhibition of contemporary child portraiture showed with particular clarity how much the lives and conventions of childhood have changed since the history of depicting babyhood began. But whatever superficial changes fashion or conventions of art have wrought throughout the years, the face of childhood remains the same.

The miniatures by Isaac Oliver, reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Swinburne, the poet, as a child with his sisters. From a drawing in the National Portrait Gallery.

A 1920 photographic rendering by Marcus Adams.

Raeburn's portrait of Sir George Sinclair as a boy from the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, reproduced by permission of the L.C.C.

In the naturalistic mood. A photograph by Suschitzky.

You Can

MANY women who find embroidery fascinating and restful as a pastime start a piece of work with enthusiasm, only to be disappointed with the result. Many have abandoned fine stitchery because the work never quite seems to come up to scratch.

There is a general feeling that infinite patience and great skill are needed to do a fine piece of work. This, in fact, is only partly true. One does need patience and some skill, but the first essential for the embroideress is to be thoroughly acquainted with the method of working the stitches.

The most elaborate pieces of work are composed of basic and well-known stitches. Their combination is, of course, a matter of art and skill, but a simple design becomes a thing of beauty if the stitches are correctly worked.

When choosing an embroidery design study it well before work begins. Decide on the kind of effect you aim for and the exact combination of stitches best likely to achieve it. Choose stitches which combine well together so that, in the finished piece, all blend together in such a way that individual types of stitch are not immediately recognisable. At the end one should not be conscious of the stitches but only of the picture. When deciding on the stitches to be used for, say, leaves and stalks, select each one with a definite purpose, such as emphasizing form, or bringing out detail.

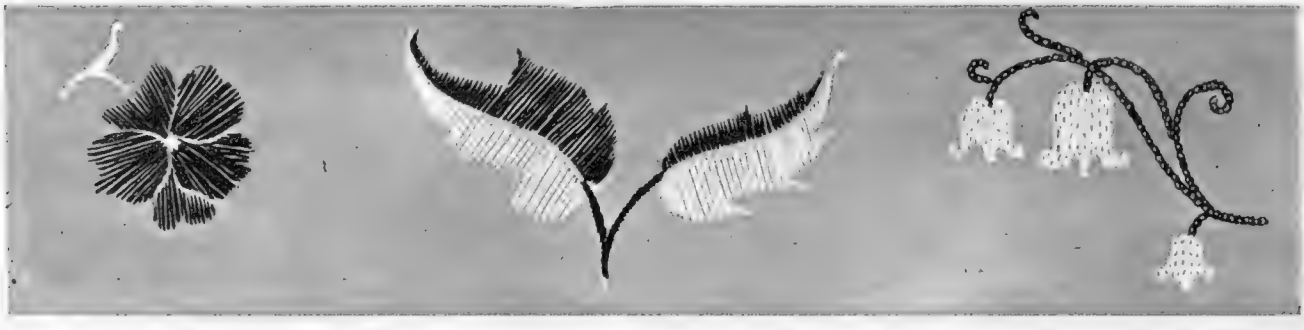
The evenness which is so often lacking in unskilled work depends very much upon the *direction* of the stitch. For instance, in satin stitch—the most useful and effective of all—much depends upon whether the stitches are long or short; wide apart or close together. The size of the area to be covered, its shape and the effect you are aiming to achieve should decide this. Form is the first consideration, and some pieces will be best worked with vertical satin stitches, others with horizontal ones.

Few people realise the varieties of tone obtained from the effect of light falling on the stitches. The effect of light on horizontal stitches will be quite distinguishable from the light tones on vertical ones. Try working a pattern of flowers vertically with leaves worked horizontally with both in the same colour. You will be surprised at the difference in tone between them.

It is a good idea to work a sampler of stitches. This makes one familiar with the method of working them, and shows whether the stitches chosen achieve the effect you want. For covering large areas, satin stitch serves the purpose; smaller areas can, in some cases, be given to French knots.

NOW for a word on how to work them. French knots are things we learn to make in the schoolroom, but I have been surprised in my work as an

Vertical satin stitch. Horizontal satin stitch. Chain stitch flowers and stems.



The lovely design on the left was adapted by our artist from a traditional French design on satin to illustrate the effectiveness of the use of satin stitch in such examples. Large areas such as the leaves and petals should be covered with satin stitches. Where an area is too wide to be covered with one stitch, two or three are used and dovetailed. Horizontal satin stitches must be started at the top of the petal and worked from left to right. Vertical satin stitch should always be from the centre left to right on one side and from centre right to left on the other. Stitches on either side of leaves and petals should never quite meet in the centre.

A needlework picture of the Eighteenth Century from the collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Sew A Sampler

instructor in handicrafts to discover how few women really know how to make this simple but most effective stitch. So much wrapping of thread round the needle is quite unnecessary and produces an untidy and formless effect.

All you need to do is to bring the needle through the material where you wish the knot to be; hold the thread under your left thumb and put the needle under the taut part of it. Still holding the thread firm, twist the needle so that the point goes back into the place in the material where it came out and take it through to the back. Never twist the thread round the needle. To make bolder knots, simply use two or three more threads of silk.

Don't under-estimate the effectiveness of that simplest of stitches to work—the chain stitch. The lovely design for a quilt illustrated is entirely worked in chain, so if you ever feel this stitch to be too elementary for pretty work, think again. The important thing about chain stitch is to progress in one direction only as you work. Never work up one stalk and down another.

To make the first link of the chain, bring the needle out of the material, hold the thread down with the left thumb, insert needle again in the hole from which it came out, bring your needle-point up through the material about ¼ in. away, and draw through.

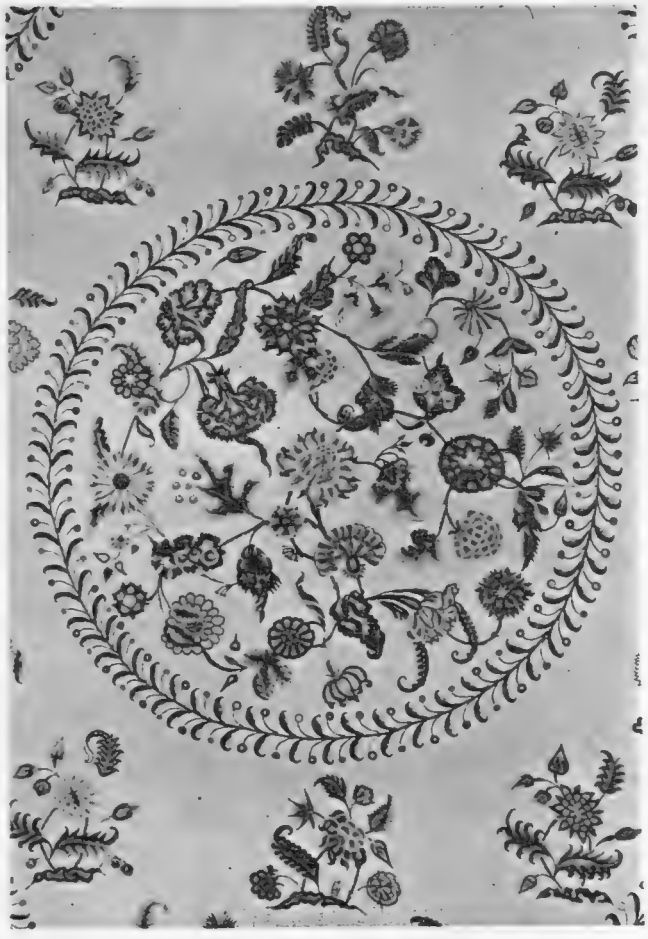
It is an education to study the work of skilled needleworkers of the past and a visit to our museums is very profitable. The Victoria and Albert have some of the finest specimens.

Finally, a few points on finishing. Don't make a knot in the thread to start. Take a few small running stitches on the right side and, later, work over them. To finish off a thread, run a few stitches at the back, securing the last one with a buttonhole stitch.

It has become a convention to work on linen. I wonder why? Most silks of a firm texture can be enriched with lovely stitchery.

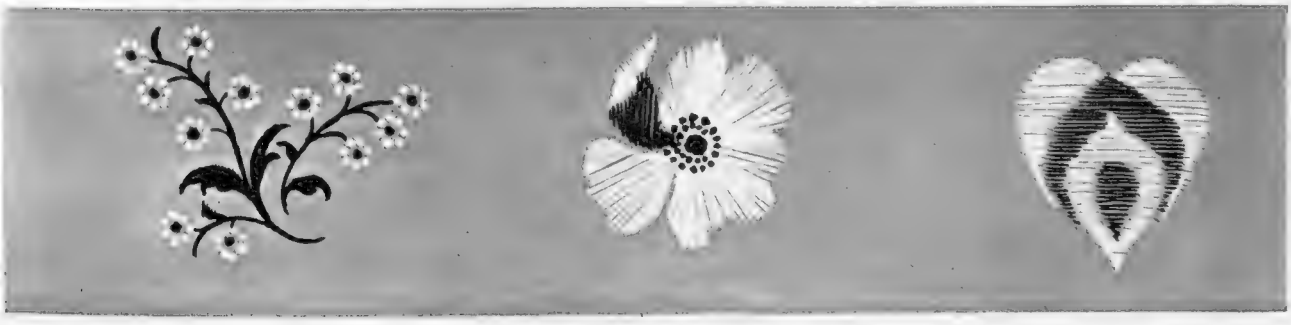
If your work looks faulty, take it out. Never try to camouflage mistakes. Do not unpick it by dragging the threads through the material. Cut them out.

Keep an even tension as you work the stitches. Choose silks suitable in weight and texture to the material worked on and when the *back* of the work looks as neat and even as the front you can be certain that your stitchery has reached a high level of perfection.



An example from the Victoria and Albert Museum of a bedspread worked entirely in chain stitch.

French knots for tiny flowers. French knots for stamens. Satin stitch over a wider petal.



Off-Shoulder For Evening

MATERIALS : 6 skeins Copley's "Cryscelle" ; 1 pair No. 12 needles ; 1 pair No. 13 needles ; 7 No. 13 needles, pointed both ends ; ¼ yard very thin round elastic.

MEASUREMENTS : 34-in. to 36-in. bust.

TENSION : Measured over stocking stitch, 8½ sts. to 1 in., on No. 12 needles. If you get more sts. to the inch, try a larger needle. If fewer sts., try a smaller needle. The ruched bands are made by increasing to double the number of stitches, working 13 rows and then decreasing again.

THE FRONT

Note: Inc. on knitted row by k. 1 into front and 1 into back of same st. On purl row, p. 1, k. 1 into same st. Dec. on knitted rows by sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. on right-hand side of work, and knitting 2 tog. on left-hand side of work. Dec. on purl rows, p. 2 tog. With No. 12 needles, cast on 88 sts. very loosely.

1st row.—Knit. **2nd row.**—Purl. **3rd row.**—Knit. **4th row.**—Purl. **5th, 6th and 7th rows.**—Knit. **8th row.**—Purl. Continue in stocking st. until 12 rows are worked. These form a hem. **6th row** shows purl on right side to mark bottom edge.

13th row.—Fold the work over, knitted edge outside. Work along knitting 1 st. from the needle, tog. with 1 loop from cast-on edge, forming hem. Continue working in stocking st. till work measures 5½ ins. from top of hem. (All further measurements are from bottom of hem).

(*Continued on page* 88)

Just Purl And Plain

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. 3-ply Sirdar Majestic Wool ; No. 10 and No. 12 needles ; 10 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : For child from 5 to 7. 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts. and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Work 10 rows in stocking st. on No. 10 needles. Increase 1 st. both ends of next and every 7th row until 103 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 10 ins. Shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next two rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 80 sts. remain. Continue in stocking st. without shaping until work measures 15 ins. from commencement. End on purl side. Shape shoulders by casting-off 8 sts. at beginning of each of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining 32 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 44 sts. on No. 12 needles and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work as for back until there are 48 sts. (increasings must be at side edge) and work measures 10 ins., ending at side edge. Shape armhole by casting-off 4 sts. at beginning of next row, and dec. 1 st. at same edge of every alt. row until 38 sts. remain. Continue on these until armhole on straight measures 4 ins. Shape neck by casting-off 4 sts. at centre front edge, then cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every alt. row till 24 sts. remain. Continue knitting until armhole measures same depth as the back. Shape shoulders by casting-off 8 sts. k. to end. Purl next row, repeat these two rows once more and cast off remaining 8 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front with reverse shapings.

ABBREVIATIONS : *Inc. = increase ; dec. = decrease ; k. = knit ; p. = purl ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over ; st. = stitch ; sl. = slip ; tog. = together.*

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts. and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. With No. 10 needles, work in stocking st. 10 rows. Inc. at both ends of next row and every 7th row until there are 69 sts. Work in stocking st. without shaping until 11 ins. from commencement of work. Shape top of sleeve by casting-off 4 sts. at beginning of next two rows and beginning of every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

With No. 12 needles, cast on 11 sts. and rib k. 1, p. 1, commencing alt. rows with p. 1.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Light for Now, Warm for Later

LOOKING for a coat light enough for the milder days of Autumn and warm enough when the weather chills? Then here's a choice. Gaberdine fills the bill with ease. The beautifully tailored coat on the right is in stone colour with patch pockets and a velvet collar. Another gaberdine at the foot of the page, right, is black and reverses to a West of England check which borders the plain side. Left, below, a single-breasted, lightweight raglan check in West of England cloth, next to it a gay check full-swinging Utility model with a snug collar.

Fuller particulars of these Aquascutum coats will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to BRITANNIA AND EVE, *Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

Rise and Shine

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

COMBINED COSMETICS

TWO-IN-ONE cosmetics have always had particular appeal to busy women. As a dressing for dry skins, powder-creams can be used alone or as a tinted powder base.

The best-known makers of powder-creams have now introduced a flattering new flesh tint shade called "Allure." This is warm without being too dark and will serve to bring colour to pale skins and warmth to sallow ones. This new product has an exceptionally pretty opalite container and costs 2s. 1½d.

While powder-creams have for so many years proved the perfect combined cosmetic for dry skins, production difficulties have prevented the appearance of something similar for oily skins. Now an entirely new preparation has arrived which is for normal and oily skins. It is a compressed powder containing its own cream base. A complete daytime make-up in itself, or when a particularly matt finish is required, as an ordinary face powder over a cream or liquid foundation.

EARLY morning fatigue is not one of life's miseries that must be endured because it cannot be cured. To awake, refreshed and invigorated is the rightful legacy of a sound night's sleep and if the case is otherwise, there is a reason for it somewhere.

"Liverish" is the adjective used to describe these unfortunate laggard risers, and it is quite true that digestive upsets probably account for the majority of early morning blues. Toxic wastes, which are not regularly eliminated from the system, poison the blood stream during the hours of sleep, so that during the first waking hours the body is virtually drugged. Where ordinary aperients bring no improvement, colonic irrigation will often succeed in relieving the toxic condition.

Liverishness and its allied digestive troubles are, however, not the whole story. An abnormally low metabolic rate, which is the official medical term to describe a lowered vitality, or even a vitamin deficiency, can be the cause, although if this were so, there would probably be other symptoms as well. It is a medical fact, also, that the nerves react slowly to a change in posture. If you have ever become dizzy after picking up something from the floor, or even on rising too quickly from a chair, you will know what that means. Exactly the same thing can happen on getting out of bed too suddenly. The abrupt change from a horizontal to a vertical position is literally a shock, and the nervous system must be given time to readjust itself to the new posture.

DON'T be too harsh on yourself in the morning. Accept the fact that it is necessary to compose oneself to wake up, just as it is necessary to compose oneself to sleep. Allow sufficient time to wake up gradually and the hours of queasy discomfort will probably be shortened.

Set the alarm or arrange to be called at least fifteen minutes before it is time to get up—and don't fall asleep again. During these fifteen minutes, coax your sleeping body into wakefulness *before getting out of bed.* Gently, langourously, stretch the arms, first sideways and then above the head. Massage softly round the temples, to increase the circulation to the head. Flex the toes and feet, then, when it is nearly time to get up, turn down the bedclothes and bend and stretch the legs once or twice, still very gently. As a final transition stage between the sleeping and the waking state, sit up in bed for a moment or two, to gather your energies to begin the day.

ONCE up, you can then stimulate the circulation in whichever way best suits your temperament. A cool shower will send the blood tingling through the veins which should, at least, be followed by a feeling of well-being. If a cool shower sounds too spartan for the early morning, take the usual warm bath, but

let the cold water run into it before you get out. Tea or coffee at breakfast also act as a stimulus. If you are a tea drinker in the morning, switch over to coffee, or vice versa, just to see if the other suits you better.

ALL these measures will help the body to wake out of sleep, *if the mind is willing that it should.* By this I do not mean a conscious wish to get up bright and early, for every sensible person wishes that, but a genuine eagerness to welcome a new day which goes right through the conscious mind to the subconscious. The subconscious has great command over physical well-being at all times, but especially so in the early morning when the conscious mind is off-guard. Half-submerged fears and worries —even boredom—can lead to a physical reluctance to leave the cosy warmth of the blankets to face up to the responsibilities of the day.

IT is always hard counsel to say that there is no anxiety which cannot be solved by facing up to it, no state of boredom which cannot be dispelled by breaking into new fields of interest, but that is so. It may seem a long way from beaux troubles, or an impossible situation at work, to early morning blues, but there is a connection—and the connection is your own state of mind. The anticipation of a happy and successful day ahead, instead of a dreary one, contributes, at least, to the frame of mind in which you wake to greet it.

Skin Cleaning

"TO wash or not to wash" is a question that has been debated at length by beauticians. There are the supporters of the school of water, soap and the scrubbing brush, and the equally partisan adherents of the mild complexion milks and cleansing creams. The final word has not been spoken, but meantime there seems plenty of evidence that soap and water as a cleansing agent cannot be bettered for most types of skin.

Greasy skins, certainly, should be washed at least twice a day to remove excess grease, and to restore by friction the correct action of the oil glands. In acid conditions of the skin, the milk alkaline properties of soap counteract the acidity and dissolve out the impurities in the pores which can lead to dryness, scaliness and a coarsening of texture.

A carefully chosen toilet soap can turn the homely process of washing into a complete beauty treatment in itself. For blemished skins, particularly in cases of adolescent acne, a medicated soap should always be used. Its mild antiseptic properties prevent a spread of the infection and by removing the oily excretions from the pores in which the acne germs thrive, help to get the trouble under control.

SOAP with a lanolin base is safest for use on all types of skin, normal, dry or greasy. Lanolin is a substance extracted from wool and in its chemical structure closely resembles the skin's natural lubricant. Soaps containing lanolin are specially recommended for thin

and dry skins because they are mild in action and, in the absence of natural oils, supply non-drying cleansing through their fatty content.

On the other hand, the oily skin is also most efficiently cleansed by the action of lanolin soaps. In the case of a naturally greasy complexion, the normal oily excretions of the skin form a water-repellent surface over which ordinary soap lather slides ineffectively. In using super-fatted soap, the lanolin content mixes with the normal grease and completely removes it.

HARD water should never be used for washing the face. Rain water, of course, provides the perfect basis for facial shampoo, but where this is impractical, the best alternative is to soften the water by the addition of oatmeal. There is a violet toilet oatmeal which, when added to the hardest water, will soften and perfume it delicately. Oatmeal itself is an excellent cleansing agent and is particularly recommended for cleansing relaxed and opened pored skins. In this case, the oatmeal is made up into muslin bags for easy use.

It is claimed by some beauticians that washing with soap and water can never achieve more than a superficial cleanliness and the action of the lather can never penetrate to the deep-seated impurities which clog the pores and discolour the skin. The skin itself is not a smooth, impervious surface which needs to be

cleaned on the outside only, like a piece of marble. It is a complicated, porous surface which not only accumulates dust from the air, but, acting as a safety valve for the system, "breathes" out impurities through the pores in both gaseous and soluble form. If, by the pores becoming clogged, these impurities are excreted, they collect like a yellow film beneath the skin surface, causing spots, blackheads, sallowness and all the other defects of a congested skin. In these cases, special facial masks suitable for the particular skin condition—sallowness, open pores, acidity, etc.—should be used regularly to supplement the daily skin-cleaning routine.

When the skin is blemished with spots, the mild friction employed to wash the face and induce a lather has its own salutary effect. Use upward movements as far as possible, but don't fear to bring a warm glow to the cheeks as you scrub your way to beauty.

WHAT is true for the complexion is true also for the rest of the body. As the skin of the body is usually less sensitive than the complexion, more friction can be used—and this is where the scrubbing brush and the loofah can do effective service—so that the circulation is stimulated and encouraged to do its job of disposing of the system's waste products.

Cleansing milks and creams have a particular rôle to play in keeping the skin clean. For the "quick clean" during the day, they are rapid and efficient in action. As they are usually in a cream or emulsion form, they cannot be relied upon as the sole method of cleansing for greasy and normal types of skin. In the case of the extra-fine, super-sensitive skin, they can be used exclusively, as the likelihood of relaxing the skin is remote and the benefits of their bland action considerable.

NEVER put fabrics of different colour into the water at one time. Whether you are using suds or one of the detergent powders rinse very thoroughly. Rinsing water should be at the same temperature as the water used for the initial washing.

WHEN washing browns and red colourings add a little salt to the rinsing water. For mauves, blue and greens substitute a little vinegar for the salt.

ABOUT a tablespoonful of borax added to each gallon of water will help to prevent shrinkage when you wash woollens. If you live in a country district where the water is soft this will not be necessary.

HANG woollen garments inside out on the line to dry and out of the sun. A windy day is best for rapid drying.

REMOVE spots on the surface of the garment as far as possible before washing. It is impossible to locate them once the garment is in water.

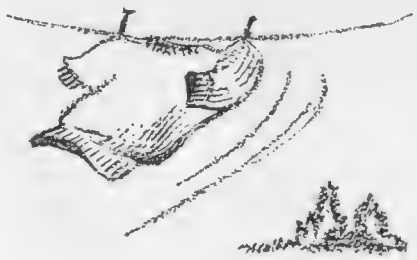
BORAX is good for removing tea and coffee stains and many kinds of fruit stain. Put the stained part of the fabric over a basin and pile a little heap of dry borax on the place. Pour warm water on to it slowly and let it seep through.

ALL stains should be treated as soon as possible after they occur. Before a stain is "set" water is effective for everything but grease. Detergent powders are solvents and can be used in the manner prescribed for borax above, but dirt in the fabric will also be removed and may leave a ring cleaner than the surrounding fabric, in which case it is advisable to follow up by washing the whole garment.

MACHINE pleating will not face up to water, but other kinds will if stitched down flat before the garment is put into water. This acts as a guide to pressing in pleats again when the garment is ready for ironing.

I HAVE recently made the discovery that the simple attributes of water for washing are dreadfully overlooked.

Having fought a loosing battle to keep my wardrobe immaculate and meet the heavy cost of cleaning bills, I finally took the plunge, in a literal sense, and investigated the possibilities of water. The results were encouraging both to my pocket and my clothes.



It turns out that many materials —many more than I had imagined— will stand up to trial by water. A great deal depends on the type of material and how you handle it during the washing process.

The first essential is to know what kind of material you have to deal with. What with different weaves and combinations of cotton, wool, rayon and silk, not to speak of nylon, it is not easy to recognize materials to-day. Whenever I buy something new I mean to inform myself of the nature of the material used. To-day rayon often masquerades as linen and cotton as silk to the inexpert eye, but an inquiry at the start will always put us wise.

Cotton and wool mixtures, I find, should be washed as for wool. Cotton and rayon mixtures as for rayon.

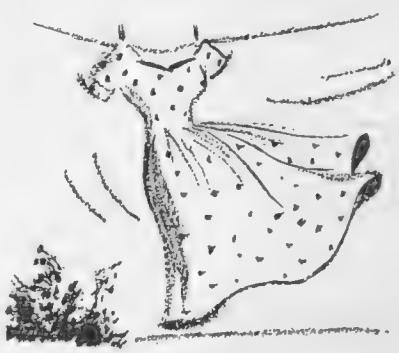
All rayons, whether they have the appearance of silk or linen, require warm, not hot water. I have found it a safe principle never to use very hot water for anything delicate, and this includes wool. The components of most rayon fabrics are temporarily weakened when wet, that is why they should never be rubbed or twisted, only gently squeezed. Heat tends to disintegrate the fibres, so a warm iron is essential.

THE great anxiety when washing a dress is whether the colours will run. Most good materials are of fast colours, but make certain by washing a small piece of the material separately. A belt will serve. Even though the colours do not run in the water, it sometimes happens that they spread in the drying. When washing any garment other than fast cotton, choose a day when the drying process will be quickest. This reduces many risks.

Tailored coats and suits which are padded and lined with canvas must of necessity still go to the cleaners, but I have been completely successful in washing wool dresses, skirts and even a simple satin evening dress.

Pressing a wool dress or skirt is, I agree, a rather formidable operation, but I have found that if I do the initial pressing myself the Tailor Presser round the corner will give the professional finish. I need hardly tell you that wool fabrics must always be pressed on the wrong side through a damp cloth. Never slide the iron across the fabric but bring it down flat upon the surface.

MANY fabrics have a tendency to shrink unless they have been specially treated. The worst offenders are crepe. These contract when wet, though ironing will restore them. In this case it is permissible to stretch



the material with the iron. Soft water for washing reduces the risk of shrinkage, but rapid drying is the best insurance against a diminished garment.

Never hang a wool garment on the line saturated with water. Put the garment through the wringer or squeeze it gently in the hands. If it is still heavy with water lay it flat in the open air on large sheets of newspaper until the draining process is complete, until you can hang it with safety.

WILLA MORGAN

Show a Leg

According to fashion, skirts are to show still more leg; so here are a few points on the subject of enhancing and improving your understandings

TIGHTER, briefer skirts bring legs into greater prominence, but, fashion apart, leg beauty is something that women aim for. The allure of the nylon is proof enough of this.

Can less than perfect legs be improved? Yes, they can. If you are not well-endowed in your understandings don't hope to rival Betty Grable, but there are things to do to improve the shapeliness of calves and ankles and most of them begin with exercises.

Heavy calves quite naturally go with a general tendency to plumpness, so, by reducing the weight generally with intelligent and sustained dieting and exercise, the legs are bound to share in the improvement.

It sometimes happens that legs put on weight when the rest of the body is not so affected and, except in certain rare cases where medical attention is called for, massage has a very definite part to play in reducing this localized fat.

Poor circulation is frequently responsible for thickening and a course of massage brings a great improvement.

In less serious cases exercises at home are salutary if they are carried on for some time and done with regularity.

A SIMPLE home exercise for improving circulation to the legs is to lie flat on the bed with the feet propped on the bed end and higher than the head. Try five minutes in this position, then bring the legs to a level position for a few minutes. Raise them again and alternate the positions. Repeat this exercise as often as you can spare time.

For ankle slimming, lie flat and rotate the feet separately round and round and backwards and forwards on the ankle so that the muscles can be felt pulling as you work. Walk on tiptoe round the house whenever you remember it.

NOW for ways of flattering the legs with a careful choice of shoes and stockings.

Sheer stockings make all the difference, but if you are lucky enough to get them, make sure that the skin is clear and smooth and worthy to be revealed through transparent nylons.

Exercise and hand massage with a good cream keep the skin smooth and free from discoloration. There are several ways to deal with disfiguring hairs. Perhaps the simplest is to use a pumice stone to rub them away, but take it gently and rub in a good cream afterwards to smooth the roughened surface of the skin.

For not-so-slender legs choose darker stocking shades. With light dresses a very deep shade is obviously out of place, but avoid the lightest pinky shades.

A high, narrow heelpiece to stockings has a slenderizing effect on the ankles from the back and, remember, shoes cut low round the vamp tend to streamline the ankles, too.

High heels are definitely more flattering than low square-cut ones, but if you are much on your feet high heels are not very practical for general use.

THE better manufacturers are making a special study of heel design to provide solid support to the foot whilst giving a narrower and more elegant appearance to the ankle. Some are slightly scooped out at the back. Give special attention to the design of the heels when you choose new shoes. You can have a pretty foot and a comfortable one if you choose carefully.

THE way you put your feet down is an important factor in the beauty of legs and feet. Mis-shapen shoes, run-over heels are not only unsightly but constant walking on one side of the foot, or too heavily on the heels, develops some muscles and puts others out of play with indifferent results on the shapeliness of the legs.

Exercises will correct any existing weakness, but a badly balanced walk is induced by shoes that do not fit. Don't assume that the shoe size which was correct for you a few years back is necessarily right to-day, even though you are not aware of discomfort. When you buy shoes ask to have your feet measured. A larger size need not detract from the prettiness of feet if the shoe is well designed. It *can* improve them.

Woman On Her Own

By Muriel Segal

"ENGLISH women take too little interest in finance. They have been told by men that they have no head for money matters and they have believed it." This comment was made by the Woman President of an American bank when she was in England recently. The lady may be right, though I doubt if any one had called her attention to the powers of reckoning developed in us by years of coping with such matters as surcharge on the laundry bill, insurance stamps and income tax, not to speak of balancing the family budget.

All the same, it is a fact that British women have a sort of inferiority complex about finance outside the domestic sphere. But none of us are immune from those sudden changes of fortune which throw us on our own resources—a woman alone with no man around to handle the manifold financial matters from which even limited incomes are not exempt.

Such a contingency may seem remote, but fortune is capricious and there is sound sense in acquainting yourself with means of handling your own financial affairs with confidence.

Had you realized that there are facilities available at the bank, far beyond that of merely keeping your account and drawing or depositing cash?

The manager of the bank at which you have your account is a mine of useful information on financial and business matters and he is willing to impart it to clients. That is part of his job. Moreover one can have the fullest confidence in his discretion where confidential affairs are concerned.

IF you find annual subscriptions, rents, insurance policies, mortgages and recurrent expenses of this nature difficult to remember, the bank will arrange prompt payment on the given date through the medium of a Bankers Order by means of which you authorize these payments on your behalf from your account.

Your bank will arrange the bothersome details of getting a passport when you travel abroad, or if you are merely travelling to another town will, on notification, arrange for you to draw cheques on a bank adjacent to your temporary address, thus saving you the anxiety of travelling with a wad of money.

Those menacing letters from the Income Tax Inspector which, as far as you are concerned, might be inscribed in Arabic, are as clear as daylight to your bank manager, and you are entitled to consult him about troublesome tax problems unless you prefer to employ a Chartered Accountant who, for a modest annual fee, will handle your Income Tax affairs; fill the forms and negotiate claims leaving you merely to write the cheques.

INVESTMENT advice is a further service offered by the banks to their clients. It may be that you hold some investments and have no one to advise you as to whether it is wise to retain or dispose of them. The Bank has an investment department which will go into these matters and report on it for you. If there is much investigation to be done they may make a small charge, but most of the advice available to clients is considered to be routine service. You may find yourself with money which you would prefer to invest, rather than deposit at the bank. If you have never employed a stockbroker you can get advice about this from your bank manager instead.

Bank charges vary according to the size of your account and the amount of clerical work it necessitates. If you have a small current account which involves a great deal of accountancy due to small daily withdrawals and deposits, the banking charges will tend to be larger than if your account lies dormant, as it were. Though no bank will object to your drawing small sums daily to meet out-of-pocket expenses, they will, quite justifiably, charge more for keeping your account than if you were to draw a lump sum, say, every week.

Don't forget, by the way, that the bank is the safest of all depositories. Documents like birth certificates, deeds, policies, wills, contracts and, of course jewellery and the smaller valuables which you prefer not to keep in the house will all find a safe hostel at the bank. They can be withdrawn without delay or fuss at any time.

Financial matters assume bogey proportions because most of us do very little to acquaint ourselves with them. Take an active interest in these business matters whether you are a woman on your own or not. It may stand you in very good stead some day.

Lorna Lewis describes the new fabrics which now make woollen wear such a . . .

Far Cry From Flannel

NOT so very long ago good flannel petticoats were the gayest undies one could expect to have and keep warm, but how different the picture is to-day as we recover from that unhappy war phase of shrunken socks, *ersatz* flannels and tweeds, stockinettes that sat into sacks, and little garments which almost vanished at sight of water.

Where have we got to now? Undoubtedly the wool situation is vastly improved. Shrinkage nightmares are becoming reduced to a minimum, certainly in the case of goods produced by reputable firms. There is unfortunately no official Labelling Act applicable to woollens and flannels to ensure that the housewife is buying reliable goods, though some firms voluntarily use a "washable and unshrinkable" or a "mothproof" label; but to-day a well-known name should be its own guarantee. "Mothproofing" that will stand up to dry cleaning and washing has now been achieved.

A word about shrinkage, of which there are technically two kinds. "Felting Shrinkage" applies chiefly to socks and woollies, where the basic wool fibres become matted in washing. This is being obviated by modern processes. "Relaxation Shrinkage," resulting from inadequate finishing in the weaving of the material, is overcome by a process called "London Shrinkage" (no connection with London).

What about the textiles themselves? Thick flannels and coarse worsteds are to-day giving place to lightweight woollen materials, some for all-the-year-round wear. Examples of lightweights now fairly generally available are the Nigrella dress crepes (like a very fine jersey) which can be tailored, pleated or draped, and are being used for blouses, dresses, and even for evening gowns. The new featherweight uncrushable crepes are made from worsted spun yarn mixed with a little nylon, and weigh under 6 ozs. per yard.

Chiffon-fine pink wool makes a nightdress with a smocked yoke

As lovely as lace and as warm as wool, because it *is* wool. A housecoat designed by Rita Roberts

Look out for the lightweight Harris Tweeds. Before the war there were experiments to reduce the weight of the famous tweeds, traditionally built for heavy country wear. The war delayed progress, but recently the new lightweights came into being and formed a valuable part of the little Hebridean island's contribution to the export drive. This autumn these attractive tweeds are released for our market and should be obtainable through most good stores at reasonable prices.

An old friend in top fashion again is Bengaline, made with a heavy diagonal rib. This serviceable worsted can look back proudly to the end of the nineteenth-century when, superbly ribbed in thick silk on wool so that the material almost stood alone, it was often used for evening dresses and cloaks.

NOW for a handful of knitting wools, either new or reappearing on the market after absence during the war years. These include: a new "Curlaine Fancy" (loop yarn with a bouclé effect); "Sportslaine," a thick botany yarn whose name suggests its use; "Excelsior Crepe," new botany; "Cloudrift," a novelty yarn like an Angora but without the fluffing. All these are Copley-Smith products. Wolsey put out an attractive "Quorn four-ply fingering wool"; and another well-known maker has a new medium-weight bouclé and a smooth crepe twist (non-fluff) equal in weight to a 3-ply. Tapestry workers will welcome the return of Copley's Mothproof Tapestry Wool.

Briefly, wool, like other textiles, suffered during the war, but research, though slowed up, did not stop. The new lightweights are the reward of years of patient labour. It's a far cry indeed from the red flannels of yore to the lovely all-wear woollies of to-day; but remember each will have its own important uses so long as sheep grow fleecy coats.

Who Brings The Morning Tea?

In our grandparents' time, the Book of Etiquette for the new rich was deservedly popular. But other times, other manners. CHRISTOPHER BETHELL suggests a few useful points of behaviour for to-day's taxation victims, the *nouveaux pauvres*

IF the *nouveaux riches* had to learn how to live in a big way, the New Poor must study to endure the small. It is not "how to handle the servants," but how to get on with no servants at all. Not "how to order a meal in a fashionable restaurant," but what to buy for the rest of the week when your husband carved up the ration on Sunday. Not "how many knives and forks are correct for an informal luncheon for six," but who is to wash up for two?

Whatever the moneyed philosopher may say, it is infinitely easier to be happily rich than successfully poor. The one needs only luck, the other skill.

No great harm comes to one's character in having morning tea brought to the bedside by a discreet domestic; but there is only loss to the human spirit in wrangling as to whose turn it may be to get up and pad out to a cheerless kitchen, there to wait for a kettle to boil, while one's partner for life lies luxuriously dozing.

Who gets the morning tea is a question that strikes deep into wedded poverty at the moment when morale is at its lowest. Nobody can arbitrate outside his own domestic circle, but I believe there is one tip to remember. Whoever is to get the tea should get it. Don't lie back and wait for offers, don't play "possum" and, above all, don't try to wangle out of it at the last moment.

Then there is the bathroom. It cannot be news to the New Poor that husband and wife sharing one bathroom is normal life in millions of homes all over the world; but as a novelty it can bring its shocks.

One's wife is suddenly revealed as a sprayer of powder, a leaver of unstoppered bottles, a top-squeezer of toothpaste tubes, a hanger-out of wet nylons, a stubber of lipsticky cigarette-ends in the soapdish. One's husband all at once appears as a splasher of shaving-soap, an abandoner of rusting blades, a leaver of pipes on the glass shelf, a dripper of pools round the bathmat, a buncher of towels on the rail. And a bathtub baritone.

There is only one hope for a peaceful settlement: a round-table (with drinks on it) conference.

WHO does the washing up? This is a subtle one, for so much depends upon character.

Who would think that the washing up situation could be so heavily fraught with significance? Well balanced intellects founder on it, matrimonial landslides gain impetus from it. Men actually buy mink for their wives and squander the conjugal felicity gained by complaining of all "this fuss over a few dishes!" Poor mutts, they know not what they do.

Some husbands on the other hand love to take off their jacket, roll up their sleeves, tie on an apron and "make a regular meal of it." Everything gets wet, but everything gets done. Smart men don't even turn back their cuffs and nothing is splashed; but there's always a pan or some overlooked plates still unwashed when they've gone.

A wise husband lets his wife wash, while he dries. Not because she can wash better, but because she's convinced she can, which is really the same. A very wise man buys a plate-rack.

There's having friends in for dinner. A husband should not count on his wife rolling in the aisles if he greets her most hit-or-miss dish with "My word, darling, you must have been taking more lessons." And it is no longer amusing to say: "So glad we have guests: a square meal for once."

WHO pays for the baby-sitter? This question is apt to be overlooked or, at least, not put on a regular footing. In some homes it always comes out of the housekeeping, in others it is: "Oh, darling, have you a note ready for Mrs. B.?" Quite often it is all left to chance or Jennifer's money-box.

Well, baby-sitting is still a new thing.

But it won't be for long. Had we not better agree on a tariff? If going out means a free meal, let the house-keeping pay; but if daddy wants a night out, let him pay for his fun. If it's the Masons for bridge, whoever wins pays. If it's taking out Business, put it down to expenses.

These are the subtleties of the situation, and never mind about facts. Too many facts are ruinous to the matrimonial broth. When she says that the very least you can do, considering one thing and another, is to bring the morning tea, examination of the facts is sheer imbecility. When he says that to mow the front lawn when reason and justice proclaim that a round of golf is essential it is deliberate incitement to revolution to face realities.

One last word of warning.

Wives—don't forget that your husbands are volunteer lackeys! Husbands—remember your wives are unpaid cooks!

Auction Sale

Pitfalls are part of the fun in the saleroom, but if you are on the way to being an auction addict be prepared for them

IN small towns, plastered on brick walls or filling the advertisement spaces of the local news sheets, you will have seen the announcement that, on a given date, "high-class antique and modern furniture, carpets and household effects" are to be offered for sale at The Gables or The Laurels. It may interest you or not, according whether you are an auction addict or a type who has never savoured this exhilarating pastime. One can go to sales in a purely nosey-parker spirit of adventure, or because there are things one needs. In both cases the experience is invigorating.

You may not yet have discovered your potentialities as a saleroom hunter, but if you are one who can see possibilities in things which less creative people reject; if you know a good thing when you see it; or if you just merely want furniture and cannot rise to the price of new, here's your hunting ground.

You need self confidence at an auction sale, but not too much. This is a case where valour calls for discretion.

INSPECT the goods on offer before the sale. There will be no chance once the bidding starts. Get a catalogue from the auctioneer's office before the sale—you can write for one, if you live at a distance—take it with you to inspect the goods before the sale. To save a long and tedious wait before the auctioneer gets to the items you intend to bid for, ask in advance whether the items are to be offered in the order given on the catalogue. It may be that your interest is focused on a carpet, nothing more. Unless you have time on your hands and sufficient enthusiasm to sit—or rather, stand—for an hour or so while garden implements, kitchen equipment and the livestock from the smallholding are disposed of, you will find it best to time your arrival carefully.

Depending on the locale, the size of the sale and the type of furniture on offer, sales attract many professional dealers. Their presence sometimes means that prices go higher, particularly if the items offered are in popular demand—for instance, divan beds, carpets, old china, fine antiques. But one of the fascinations of the saleroom is that one can never be quite sure how the bidding will go. I have seen breathtaking bargains when they were least expected, and at other times rubbish has commanded a fancy price.

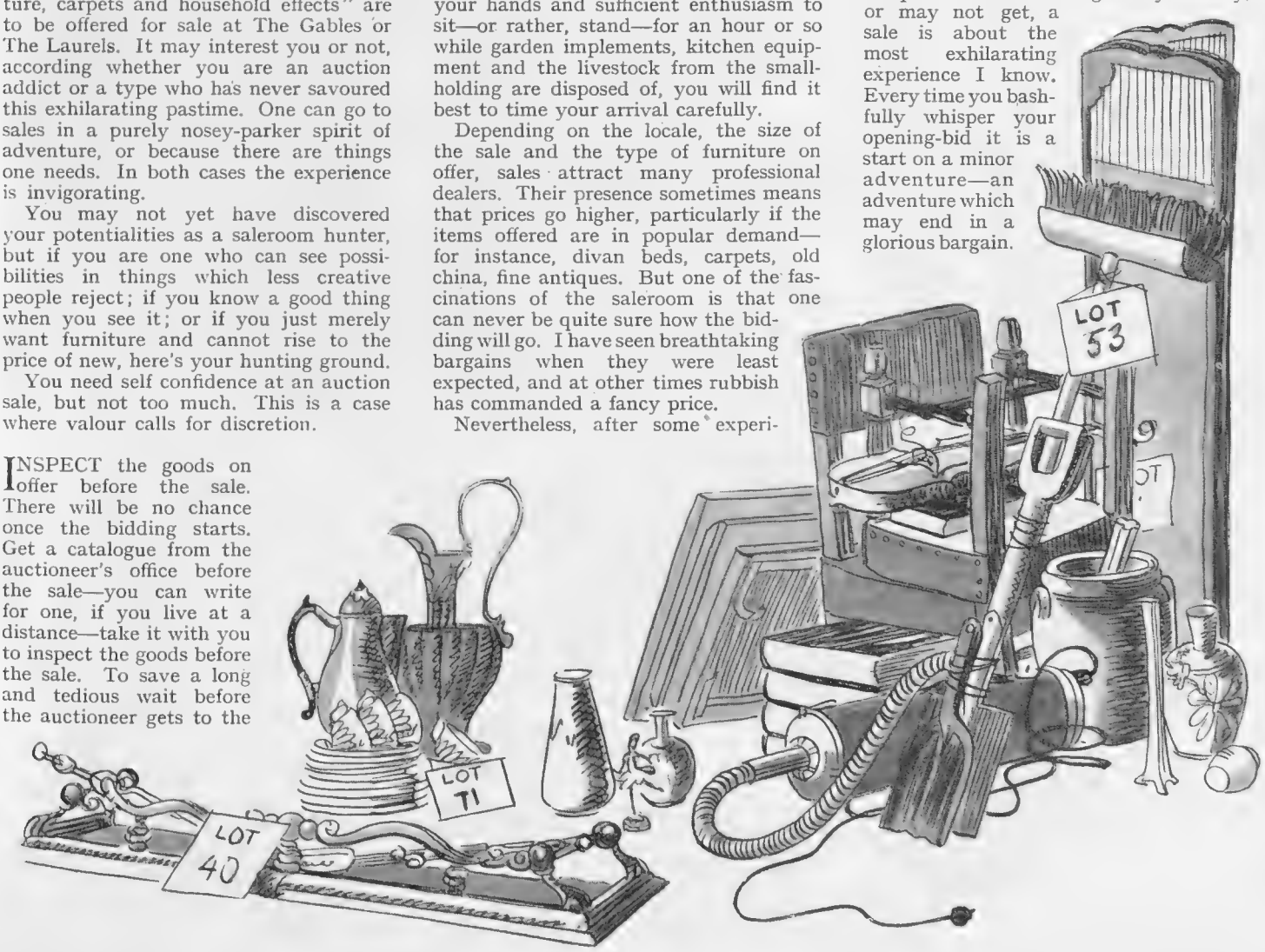
Nevertheless, after some experience, one develops a "sale sense." It is sheer abracadabra, but one gets a *feeling* about a sale and whether it will be worth attending.

Admittedly sales in the remoter country places offer better chances of success for the obvious reason that fewer people have the time to take the journey, but even towns produce the occasional triumphant bargain.

Remember that the cost of transport must be added to the purchase price. Amateurs are apt to forget this. I know a man who bought several hundredweights of firewood at a knock-down price only to discover that it would cost him five pounds to take it home.

None the less, transport is not difficult to arrange and not always by any means expensive, depending upon the nature and size of the items concerned. At every sale there are local carriers clustered round the door, and it is advisable when you have an eye on a particular item to sound a carrier about transport before the bidding starts.

Apart from the bargains you may, or may not get, a sale is about the most exhilarating experience I know. Every time you bashfully whisper your opening-bid it is a start on a minor adventure—an adventure which may end in a glorious bargain.



A change for Breakfast

MONOTONY creeps into breakfast menus more than any other meal. Early inspiration comes slowly when time is limited. On the other hand, a few changes at breakfast provide a good start to the day, and the small added interest need not involve any more trouble at the time and only a few minutes the day before making breakfast rolls, potato cakes, etc.

Here is one breakfast idea where the cereal is replaced by breakfast biscuits and stewed fruit. It makes a complete breakfast in itself accompanied by toast and marmalade but a cooked dish can be added if wanted. These biscuits if made unsweetened and thin can be used instead of toast under scrambled egg or fried mushrooms and bacon.

Orange Water Lilies, Date Potato Cakes and Breakfast Relish

BREAKFAST BISCUITS

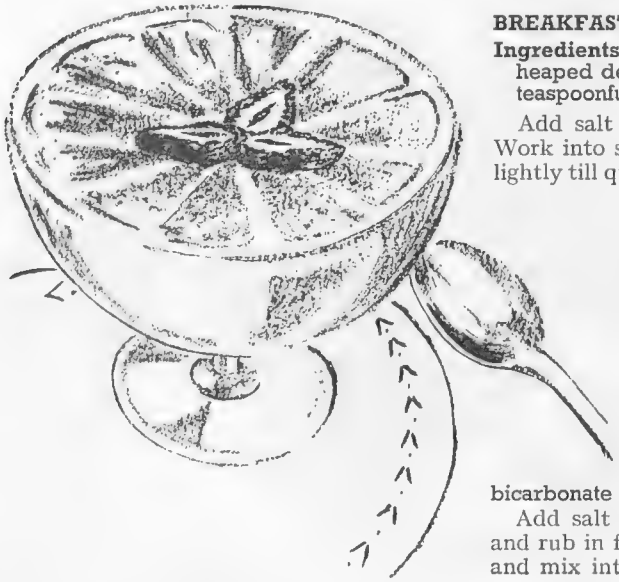
Ingredients: 1 lb. flour (self-raising); 1 teaspoonful baking powder; pinch salt; 3 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 egg; ½ pint milk.

Add salt and baking powder to flour. Rub in fat. Add sugar. Form into soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Divide into eight portions. Roll out to about ½ in. thickness. Prick with fork. Bake about 20 minutes in hot oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F.

DATE POTATO CAKES

Ingredients: 6 oz. cooked mashed potatoes; 6 oz. self-raising flour; pinch salt; small dessertspoonful baking powder; milk to mix; chopped walnuts; 4 oz. chopped dates; 3 oz. fat.

Add salt and baking powder to flour. Rub in fat. Mix in potato. Form into a stiff dough with very little milk. Roll out nearly ½ in. thick. Cut into rounds. Cook on hot, greased girdle or thick-greased frying-pan about 5 minutes on each side. Split and butter and spread with dates and walnuts.



ORANGE WATER LILIES

Cut tops about the size of a penny off oranges. Cut through skin down sides equal distances apart in shape of petals, leaving a firm base. With sharp knife carefully pull back petals. Pull orange open into same number of segments as petals. Crisp a large cupful of puffed wheat for a few minutes in oven. Chop two bananas or an apple in small pieces. Mix this and puffed wheat together with just enough thick mock cream to bind. Fill centre of oranges about half-way up. Filling should be mixed up at last moment or it will be soft.

BREAKFAST ROLLS

Ingredients: 1 lb. self-raising flour; heaped dessertspoonful baking powder; teaspoonful salt; about ½ pint milk.

Add salt and baking powder to flour. Work into soft dough with milk. Knead lightly till quite free of cracks. Divide into portions and shape into little round or fancy-shaped rolls. Bake about 15 minutes in quick oven, Regulo 10 or 500° F.

LITTLE BREAKFAST BREADS

Ingredients: 1 lb. flour; good pinch salt; 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar; 2 oz. lard; breakfastcupful of milk; ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda.

Add salt and cream of tartar to flour and rub in fat. Dissolve soda in the milk and mix into flour. Roll out ½-in. thick. Cut in squares. Brush over with milk or egg. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F.

BREAKFAST RELISH

Allow one small sausage or half a large one per person. Fry together with rasher of bacon and a tomato each. Have ready a few cooked prunes. When sausages are done and bacon lightly done remove from pan. Spread bacon with tomato ketchup and a little chopped prune. Fold bacon round sausages, return to frying-pan a moment and serve on fried bread with tomatoes

KEDGEREE CIRCLES

Kedgeree can be prepared the night before. Boil 4 oz. rice in boiling, salted water till tender. Drain and clear with cold water. Return to pan with a large cupful of flaked cooked finnan haddock and an oz. of margarine. Stir till margarine is melted and all well mixed.

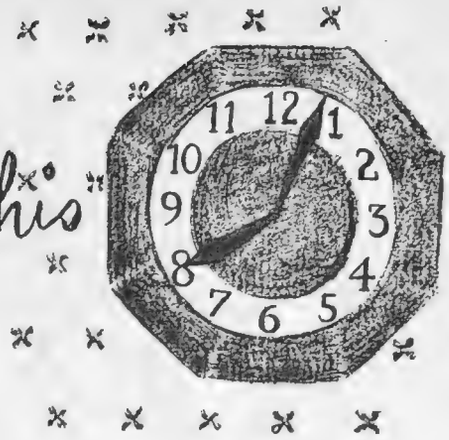
In the morning fry rounds of bread and slices of tomato. If available hard boil an egg. Heat through kedgeree. Lay a slice of tomato on each round, chop egg white and add to fish. Crumble yolk. Pile fish on tomatoes. Sprinkle with yolk of egg or finely-chopped parsley.

BEAN AND EGG TOASTS

Heat contents of a small tin of beans in tomato sauce for 4 or 5 minutes. Scramble 2 eggs with 1 oz. margarine and a little milk and seasoning. Cut 2 rashers of bacon in strips and fry. Make round of toast and spread with butter. Border toast with beans. Put a spoonful of egg in the centre. Lay bacon strips over beans and garnish with a sprig of parsley on top of egg. When eggs are scarce, a little sausage meat creamed in tastily flavoured brown sauce can be substituted.

By Harriet Muir

You have time for this



HOW often we are guilty of planning too ambitious a meal when friends are looking in for supper! Either we come back a little late from the office or the children "go slow" going to bed and then starts a frenzied rush to get that special meal. The result is general failure. Justice cannot be done to the cooking: the meal gets late, the hostess too tired and fretted to enjoy her evening. Far better to envisage a meal which can be prepared in a minimum of time and yet be attractive. The following ideas are a few of many which might serve on such occasions.

Assuming you have no pressure cooker, braised meat and vegetables come in handily for a first course, as it can be prepared or partly cooked ahead and all is ready in one pan for serving with suitable garnishings. The foundation for the braising pot is much the same in all cases and can be varied and added to, according to what meat, fish or poultry and vegetables are available.

BRAISED VEGETABLES AND LIVER

Prepare and slice vegetables such as onion, carrots, turnips, celery, cabbage. Melt 1 oz. margarine in braising pot; add vegetables, shake round in the fat and fry a few minutes, add liver sliced and a few strips of bacon and fry gently a few minutes. Add a pinch of herbs, one blade of mace or a bay leaf, six peppercorns and season; add just enough water or stock to cover vegetables. Peas, beans, mushrooms, etc., can be added after harder vegetables have cooked a little while. Cover pot closely and cook slowly in oven 1 to 1½ hours, Regulo 3 or 300° F. After about an hour thicken and brown liquor. Pour back into pot, add a wineglassful of dry cyder. Serve garnished fancy-shaped croutons of fried bread and parsley.

Braised ham with tomato sauce is excellent or a mixed grill of sausage bacon and hamburger.

Ever popular for an easy dish are stuffed tomatoes. A rather special filling and a sauce, together with little sautéed potatoes, make quite a party dish.

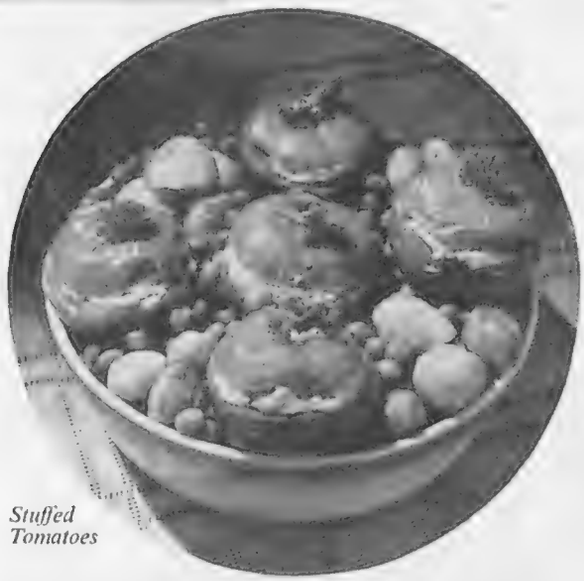
STUFFED TOMATOES

Choose large, firm tomatoes. Cut off the tops and scoop out insides, leaving firm border.

Put a dessertspoonful of sweet corn at bottom of each, cream together a small tin of *pâté de foie*, a few tinned mushrooms finely chopped, chives and chopped nuts, two fried rashers of bacon chopped fine. Moisten with a little of the tomato insides and about half a glassful of dry sherry. Fill tomatoes and replace tops. Place in well-greased fireproof dish; cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven Regulo 4 or 350° F. 20 to 30 minutes.

These dishes might be followed by cold sweets. One pretty arrangement can be made by mixing three different coloured blancmange packets, say caramel, raspberry and lemon. Fill six tiny moulds, two of each colour. Make a mixed fruit jelly in a shallow dish, arrange the moulds on top with roses of mock cream, or they can be prepared on individual plates.

Individual glasses of plum fool, with crushed macaroon (*Continued on page 76*)



Stuffed Tomatoes

Hints on Frying

FRYING methods vary according to the food concerned. Quick frying spells ruin to certain things and *vice versa*. Preferably use a heavy frying pan as the bottom keeps flat, aids even frying and avoids burning. Never wash a frying pan unless absolutely necessary; wipe it when warm with greaseproof paper. Use clean fat, free from moisture or it splutters. It helps to strain fat through muslin after use.

For shallow frying use enough fat to cover pan and reach half over food. Add food when fat is hot. Fried eggs, liver, kidneys and mushrooms should cook gently. Foods with crisp coating like fillets of fish, fritters and croquettes should go into *smoking* hot fat and fry quickly. Fry thick foods like cutlets quickly for a minute or two to seal and brown; then cook gently. Foods containing fat like herrings and fat bacon can be very gently fried without additional fat provided pan is heated first. Deep fat frying must have a thick pan—deeper than amount of fat required to allow for fierce bubbling. A basket for lowering food in is a great help. For batter immerse basket or spoon in fat first or batter sticks. Deep fat frying is good for chips, fish in batter, doughnuts, etc. Put in food when blue smoke rises. Average time 5 minutes. This method is not unduly extravagant as fat is used again.

Always drain fried food on absorbent paper.

Honey Ramakins

What Makes A Good Cook?

We tend to suppose that it depends upon an exact judgment of the ingredients of a dish, or on a light hand with pastry, but does it? Here are some further qualities which contribute towards culinary skill

THE best cook I ever knew was a white-bearded old Mohammedan named Abdul. When I knew him he was seventy years old, straight as a ramrod and his curries—a dozen spiced dishes mingling into a glorious pile of rice, eggs and chutneys—were the finest in Bombay. It was part of his genius to be equally at home with European cooking, from bacon and eggs to escalope of veal, and what made his performances so impressive was that there was never any sense of bustle from the kitchen—no furnaces blazing and saucepans bubbling like express trains. At lunchtime you sat down at one o'clock precisely, the door would swing back and Abdul pattered across the stone floor with an iced consommé or *hors d'œuvres* to lay reverently before you.

By this I don't mean to declare that men are better cooks than women. All women can cook, but some won't: few men can cook and, fortunately, practically none try.

Let's leave aside the professional cooks. "The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go she went." To-day they've practically all departed and cooking a meal is a major operation in most homes.

WELL, what makes a good cook? You may be one without realizing it and you can test the matter by asking yourself a few questions.

Firstly, are your meals on time? Well, at any rate, within five or ten minutes?

It may seem strange to put this first, but it's important. The finest play in London would be a flop if the audience were kept waiting for three-quarters of an hour before the curtain went up—and the same applies to cooking. It's a sign of competence and efficiency for a cook to have considered how long it will take her to prepare the meal.

Of course, there's the other side of the medal. And for this there's more excuse—do you object violently if anyone is late for the meal you've cooked?

I had experience of this once when my wife went on holiday and arranged for her uncle to share our flat. Her uncle was a thin, elderly man who had lived in France and acquired a passion for cooking. On the first evening I arrived back half an hour late to find him sitting bolt upright in his chair. "I had prepared you a little 'risotto,'" he said, stonily. "I have thrown it away. It would have been quite uneatable."

Strangely, after this I found I was always on time. He stocked the kitchen with exotic spices, spoke violently to the charlady because she had not peeled the "champignons" properly and made me very unpopular through his passion for garlic. When my wife returned the two of us sat down to corned beef "nature" and salad—I was vastly relieved.

ARE you, then, a temperamental cook? Do you have bouts of despair because the flavour is not quite what you hoped? Do you eye people narrowly while they are eating your dishes and dissolve into tears over a failure?

I read the other day of a chef whose wife forbade him to cook at home because of the mess he made in her kitchen. Perhaps you, also, are this type of cook?

Your kitchen resembles a battlefield—saucepans are piled on the floor, plates pans and colanders fill the sink, the table is covered with peelings and the only place for the salt and pepper is under the kitchen table. If you're like this, Mrs. Beeton (who was no dowager, but a comely young married woman) has two very sound maxims for you. "In cooking clear as you go," and "A place for everything and everything in its place."

You may, on the other hand, be a pressure-cooker fiend, or an "I-can-only-cook-on-gas" woman, or the defeatist "I-simply-haven't-the-energy-to-cook-a-decent-meal-after-putting-the-children-to-bed."

If you don't fit into any of these types then clearly you must be a first-rate cook. I simply don't believe that good cooks are born, not made. To cook well requires the same qualities for success as in any other walk of life—you want enthusiasm, ambition and a level head, as well as imagination. Above all, a good cook takes pains—in marketing and preparation, until that last moment when the dish is served "to please the eye."

In the little restaurant where I often go in Paris the chef (he produces the thirty-odd dishes on the menu in a tiny spotless kitchen with a coal range) is treated with the deference of a lord. So the last ingredient is appreciation. If your husband is apt to say "Gosh, darling, that looks good," it's more than a compliment—it's your own particular *cordon bleu*.

an occasion for Straven

SCOTTISH KNITWEAR

Vayle Scottish nylons by John Skelton

OUR FOOT FASHION SERVICE

WHATEVER THE WEATHER...

HELEN ANTHONY, Manfield shoe consultant, answers one of the many questions that have reached her.

"Can you please recommend some shoes that look elegant, feel comfortable, stand up to the weather, and have something just a little 'different' about them?"

HELEN ANTHONY, replies: "Selberite Arch Preservers might have been specially designed for you. They are made in multiple fittings, with several widths to each size; in addition, each shoe has a concealed steel bridge that lightly supports the foot arch; they are all beautifully proportioned shoes, yet robust enough to stand up to any weather. Do ask your nearest Manfield shop to show you SWANKY, a well-balanced tie shoe, and TROY, a graceful monk shoe. Both models are in Karung snakeskin, and each pair has its own individual, soft-dappled, natural pattern."

Selberites A SELBY SHOE FROM Manfield

MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION

Mannequin Up For Judgment

(*Continued from page 15*)

being plunged into the showing itself—and by this time most people have read what a Paris dress "presentation" has come to.

What are the poor girls doing?

They are in the "cabin," the changing room in which eight or ten half-naked women spanning, say, the ages of eighteen to thirty-eight, dress and undress, turn between mirrors and cupboards in an electrical atmosphere as models are rushed down from the workrooms. Nor is the atmosphere to be recommended in its literal, olfactory bearing: a mixture of scent, make-up, cigarette, hairdressing, shoes, body-heat.

The wearing of ridiculous little shells of shoes on fifty or a hundred passages painfully swells the feet; the hair-do is not right for this or that dress; a belt is missing; quick! quick! Each mannequin is out to sell her "numbers" to the most clients, and if she be a "type" floats before the mirrors rehearsing poses and attitudes. She may be the one who gets by with a half-drowned look. Another made her stake by affecting a timid, myopic look.

A third has to keep regal. A fourth is the *belle sauvage*. A fifth must keep that spiritual quantity. A sixth rings the bell with the cold, snobbish glance. A seventh radiates birth and breeding, delighting clients who have, or imagine they have, blue blood.

The "presentation" slides into a more drawn-out phase, when for weeks the mannequins have to be continuously on call in the "cabin," to don creations for private viewing by valued individual clients. In pauses, there's always the dresser to tell the cards, or maybe a mannequin is repeating English half aloud from a learn-quick book.

"Extras" are indispensable unless models are to go frail for profit, and English opens the way to that coveted globe-trotting in what used to be the "off" season.

A mannequin in any of the dozens of prestige Paris houses earns from £21 to £32 a month. If that effectively does away with the old saying "paid like maids and dressed like queens," it's still not much for this Paris. Yet only long and exacting work can earn it, since the "presentation," before and after, that I have sketched, occurs three times each year, autumn, summer, spring.

To say that a mannequin has no time for "relaxing" is nonsense. But she has to keep fit by refusing many parties. Above all, she has to keep her "line."

Some make physical and nervous wrecks of themselves, trying to keep their "line."

By propagating it, they also make physical and nervous wrecks of women in many lands.

I suppose this has been a sympathetic account of the 1950 mannequin. But there's another side to the picture which should be more heard of, as the leading Paris fashion houses prepare to flood the world with mass-produced Paris models on a pooling basis.

Is the model becoming more of a pest than a boon to womanhood? Up till now, those who have slavishly sought to imitate her wasp waists and other constrictions on the human body have at least been limited in number. But what if millions of women submit their bodies to the same harsh treatment, and take every form of dope, follow every weakening régime, in order to keep their "line"? Of course it isn't fair to come down on the models; the men creators are the wretches responsible for these body and nerve disabilities; yet the mannequins are in the foreground and nothing could be put over without them.

They are being roundly accused of breaking up homes and breaking up health. That judge decided against a husband who, driven mad by unreasoning jealousy, sought a divorce. The petitioner claimed it was impossible for his wife to retain her virtue when all she did, all say, was to strike seductive posturings. You saw how the judge ruled. Yet the case released some remarkable assertions by lawyers. It seems that any number of divorce suits are brought because the wife has reduced herself to a very different woman compared with the one the husband married. Thanks to following these unnatural nostrums for warding off the nightmare of a little gay and rippling flesh, she has become a bad companion and a bundle of nerves, acidulated and psychologically no longer suited to the connubial couch. Thin and hungry-looking, yet will she only nibble at salads and such-like. Her previous good colouring has gone.

These lawyers to whom so much is told, to go no further in precise cases, report that women do not do these things in order to please their menfolk—at least, not most of the time. They do it because they positively like obeying the dictates of fashion. Often they preserve against the expressed wish and pleading of their husbands.

One lawyer said: "It is true men like to be seen with women who can wear the fashion, carry the 'line.' But they like to return to women with flesh on their bones, who have peace and well-being and normality about them." For my part, I can't get away from the likelihood that many of these model-crazed women do, in fact, go to their unnatural and wearing extremes in order to continue to be seen out with their men who might, otherwise, take up mistresses having the "line."

However, it's a safe assumption that the greatly stepped-up propagation of modelling and mannequins, all about their freak measurements, is causing more and more women to take measures which render them less attractive characters to have around, and physical shadows of their former selves. They may be easier on the eye, after treatment (though that is questioned), but certainly not on the ear.

From New York comes nothing but news of more mannequin tyranny: nipped-in waists, arched hipline, the "side-show" silhouette, with the "basic line slim and moulded to the figure." This is much the same as the Paris "pool" has in mind, and that British women have got two inches broader on the average is not going to render their unnatural sheathing into slim-looking designs any the more comfortable, or healthier.

To Whom It May Concern

(*Continued from page 12*)

all for stocking boilers or something of the kind. That seems to be the accepted cure for ennui."

"What made him accept my friend's offer. I gather it wasn't a very attractive boiler."

Mrs. Ingram laughed again.

"Not very," she agreed. "But Roberto always wanted to be an editor."

"And he thought the boiler would be a good start?"

"It was a good start. The only real difficulty is to get your foot in at the door—front or back. Once you've done that the rest is easy if your tongue is in the right place."

"And Roberto's tongue is in the right place, it seems?"

"It is. And so is mine. I can get old Pinkie to do anything now. Don't you think we've improved the magazine a great deal?"

"Yes, out of all recognition."

"Well, that's nothing to what we're going to do. We've got all sorts of plans."

I watched admiringly as the bride of three months' standing rose languidly and confidently to her feet.

She said that I must come and see her and Roberto as soon as they were settled in their new flat. Then as she let go my hand she added dreamily:

"Poor old Pinkie! But I think he'll be quite happy when he's retired."

END

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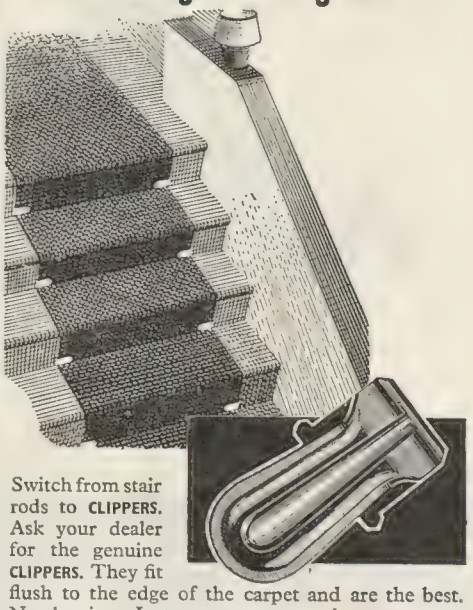

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In Trust For The Nation

(*Continued from page 25*)

Trust for Scotland—and it owns many thousands more under restrictive covenants protecting them against despoilment by industry or the speculative builder. It owns vast areas of Lakeland, Exmoor and the North and South Downs; magnificent country houses like Montacute, in Somerset, and Charlecote Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, famous as the scene of the young Shakespeare's alleged poaching exploits; celebrated inns like the George, Southwark, the old coaching house so well known to Dickensians; and even whole villages like Lacock, Wiltshire and West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

It requires no great effort of the imagination for us to realize that, had the National Trust not existed, the breaking-up of the great estates would have meant that many of these beautiful houses and tracts of country would have been quite at the mercy of the vandals, that in many cases their enchantment would have been irrevocably destroyed. Whether the founders of the Trust divined the extent to which the breaking-up process would grow is doubtful. Nevertheless, we should be suitably grateful that, as long ago as 1895, a group of public-spirited citizens was far-sighted enough to realize the need to establish a society to hold properties for the benefit of the nation.

The founders of the National Trust were three in number. They were Miss Octavia Hill, the housing reformer; Sir Robert Hunter, solicitor to the Post Office; and Canon Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, Cumberland. The beginnings were modest. The Trust had only a handful of members and next to no capital—just plenty of enthusiasm for the cause. But the infant organization got away to a flying start. While its constitution was being drawn up a friend of Canon Rawnsley's offered him a piece of cliff-land, four and a half acres in extent, near Barmouth, and this became the Trust's first possession. In 1896 the first building, the pre-Reformation Priest's House at Alfriston, Sussex was bought in a dilapidated condition for £10 and repaired from funds specially subscribed. The third property was the sixteenth-century Joiners' Hall in Salisbury.

By 1907 the Trust owned no fewer than twenty-six properties. The importance of its work was recognized by the government of the day which passed a National Trust Act laying down, among other things, the principle that properties held by the Trust should be preserved for all time.

As the years went by the Trust began to grow more rapidly. By 1915 it owned seventy-two properties with a total area of 5,800 acres, by 1920 ninety-two properties with an area of 6,600 acres. Another 8,400 acres were protected by special covenant. But it was from 1930 onwards, when the effect of high death duties was making itself more seriously felt than ever, that the Trust entered the period of its quickest growth. Thus, by 1945, when it was fifty years old, it owned outright 110,000 acres and protected 41,500 more.

A large holding of land? Yes, but infinitesimally small when balanced against the total area of Great Britain. There is no substance in the charge made by some that the National Trust is placing its dead hand over an appreciable amount of good agricultural land, preserving it only for the benefit of a few aesthetes. The plain fact is that the Trust owns a good deal of farmland which it rents to working farmers. It also makes a small but steady income from the sale of timber from its woodlands, although in its forestry policy it tends to regard amenity as being more important than commercialism.

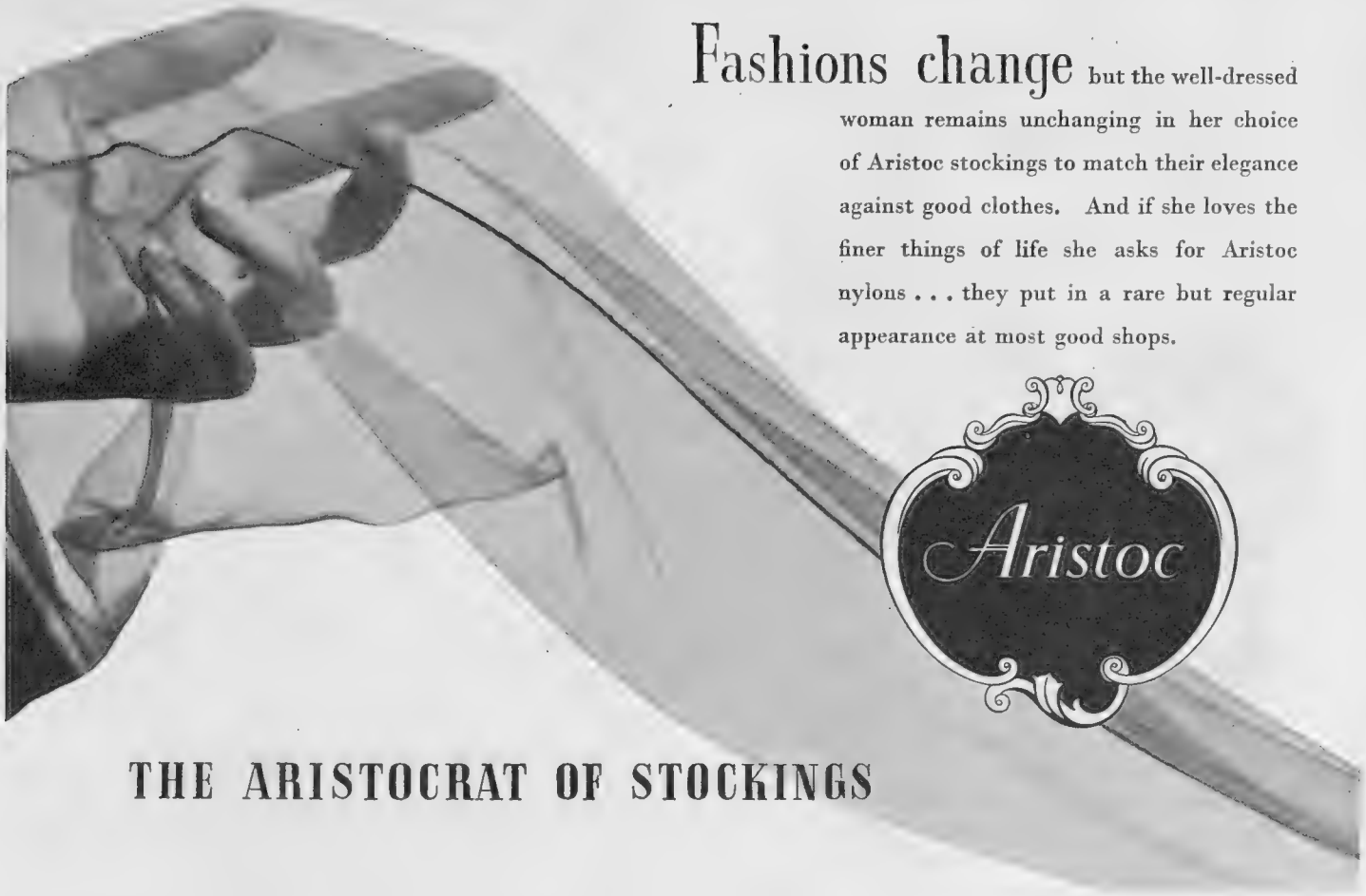
The Trust cannot afford to neglect reasonable opportunities of making money. It is dependent for its income on subscriptions, gifts, legacies and the charge which it makes for admission to its country houses. It is this constant preoccupation with money that makes it essential for the Trust to be selective in its buying. It could not, even if it wanted to, buy every old mansion or stretch of country that comes on the market. Nor, generally speaking, does it buy property in London or the other large towns. It just cannot afford the prices. So if you know of an incomparable Regency crescent that is suffering under the hand of the vandal, remember that to buy it the Trust would probably have to forgo the opportunity of buying other cheaper and, in their way, equally desirable country properties.

When, moreover, you read that a landowner has presented his estate to the National Trust, and that he and his heirs have been accorded the privilege of living in a corner of the great house for all time, do not imagine that the donor has made an easy bargain. Before the Trust can accept a property in this way it must insist that the owner provides an adequate endowment for its upkeep. The endowment need not be in the form of money. It can, for example, be agricultural land. But the Trust must be reasonably certain that it will be able to maintain the property in a satisfactory condition without having to dig into its own capital.

The Trust's policy is to give the public as much access as possible to its properties. Walkers, cyclists, motorists—all are welcome to explore the vast acres which the Trust is preserving in the national interest. The houses owned by the Trust are open for inspection on a certain number of days each week. In most cases they are let to tenants for, as we all know, there is an indefinable charm about an inhabited house that is absent from an empty one.

As far as possible, too, they are tenanted by representatives of the families which have lived in them through the centuries. Call it sentimentalism, blind love of tradition, what you will, but only the political extremist would like to see West Wycombe Park without its Dashwoods, or Charlecote without its Lucys.

By no means all National Trust houses are, however, let to private persons. Some are made available to the public in other ways. The sixteenth-century Wilderhope Manor in Shropshire is leased to the Youth Hostels Association; Killerton, Sir Richard Acland's former place in Devon, to the Workers' Travel Association. Dinton Park, near Salisbury, is a Y.W.C.A. rest home, (*Continued on page 62*)



Fashions change but the well-dressed woman remains unchanging in her choice of Aristoc stockings to match their elegance against good clothes. And if she loves the finer things of life she asks for Aristoc nylons . . . they put in a rare but regular appearance at most good shops.

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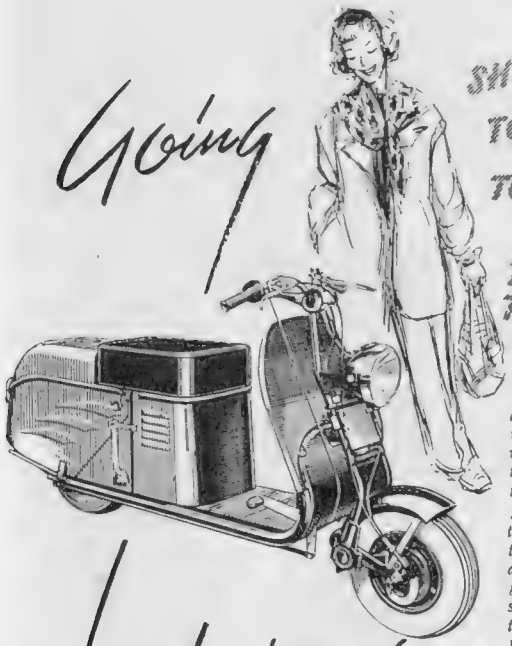

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while Flatford Mill, Suffolk, famous for its connection with John Constable, the painter, is used by the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies.

One thing the Trust discovered quite early in its career. The urbanization of the countryside was proceeding at such a pace that in far too many instances its properties, although as unspoiled as ever in themselves, were marred by their surroundings. What use to preserve a beautiful valley when at any time its fringes could be, and often were, defiled by hoardings, tin shacks or garish bungalows? The Act of 1907 gave the Trust power to secure restrictive covenants over privately owned land. Thus, when it purchased outright 1,300 acres at Buttermere it also obtained at small cost covenants over another 4,400 acres of adjacent property. In this way, agricultural land which the Trust did not particularly want to buy has been secured for all time against undesirable development.

There is certainly no doubt that the need for preservation is as great to-day as it was at any time in the past. One can scarcely open a newspaper nowadays without reading of some new attempt at despoliation. If it is not the army that wants to take over another few thousand acres of moorland for an artillery range, it is a Government-sponsored plan to put a cement works right in the middle of a peaceful Derbyshire valley. Those two great national assets, our places of natural beauty and historic interest, are being destroyed far too quickly. We should be glad that the National Trust is protecting as many of these places as possible, so that not only this generation, but those that come after, will be able to draw health and inspiration from them.

END

The Loved One (*Continued from page* 26)

Lemaître. "He wants to know about cousin Annette Jory. He says the bridge they are building is a fine job. He hopes we are both well. That is all . . . just 'your loving son, Jean.'"

Antoine took off his glasses and held out the letter to his wife. Then he turned his back on her, picked up the hammer and levered open the top of the packing case.

Three earthenware pitchers, filled with reddish-coloured earth, lay deep in straw and wood shavings. He lifted out one and dug down into it with his fingers. The root was black and dried.

"It's dead," he said softly, but his wife had gone into the house with the letter.

It was the same with the second. He lifted out the third. Its withered stalk was curled round the top and the few leaves were brittle and colourless. But when he dug down he felt the soil moist and warm. A wad of straw had been pressing on it and the root was living.

Antoine put it in the sun and went into the house for a jug of water. He returned to the yard and poured it slowly into the pitcher, asking himself all the time whether he should plant it.

He had only three hectares of land but the Lemaître vintage was among the finest in Burgundy. Antoine loved his vines. Secretly, he thought of them as sensitive and temperamental women who bore their beautiful children for him every year.

But this new vine. It might bring the dreaded grape louse—the phylloxera, which could wipe out a province. Or some new, unknown disease. To plant it close to his own vines might upset the delicate balance of the soil : it might be a greedy feeder. And then, because it was a living vine and a gift from his son he took the pitcher and planted it in a corner away from his own vines.

At first it was a sickly thing. But with the heat of summer it began to flourish and new tendrils reached out. All that year the trunk thickened but no fruit appeared.

The word soon got round the village that Antoine was experimenting. First it was Pierre Cramant of the Vintage Committee, a vine grower of the west side of the sweep of hills. He looked at it, smelt the leaves and shook his long head. "You will get good vinegar," he said.

Jules Dizy, the councillor, betted him fifty francs he would get dried peas not grapes. But Antoine watched the vine grow and the following spring he pruned it and fed it with *marc*—grape refuse—and the first fruit buds began to show.

All that summer there was no stopping the vine. It spread over the wooden framework with lush, tropical growth and the fruit buds multiplied. Soon, the grapes swelled, heavy and black, the size of plums. It was the giant of the vineyard.

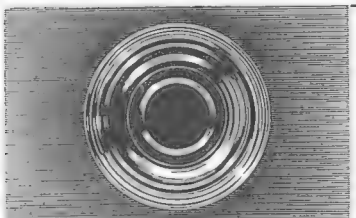
Antoine, sitting in the sun in the evenings, looking out across the vineyards and praying, like all good growers that if there were any hailstorms they would fall on the other man's vines would say his favourite phrase over to himself : "Now we shall see what we shall see."

When the time of the *cru* came Antoine used two of his best gatherers for the grapes. The new oak cask stood ready in the cellar; and after fermentation and pressing Antoine worked for weeks heating and segregating with gauge and tester.

Finally, the cask was left to work and clear and dream through the winter. The spring came and the vine stirred again. As the summer passed and it drew near for the second vintage Antoine knew that the wine in the cask was quickening in that mysterious way that makes it respond to the flow of new life in the parent vine. The time of tasting had come.

Antoine sat up with a start. His pipe had gone out. There were footsteps down the wide, wooden stairs from the back door. It was Pierre Cramant. (*Continued on page* 64)

'My family always joke about our Sunday joint looking lost on the meat dish! This new small-size Phoenix platter will put 'paid' to their remarks. It'll make a lovely base for my Phoenix pudding basin and pie dish, too—somewhere to put the spoon!'



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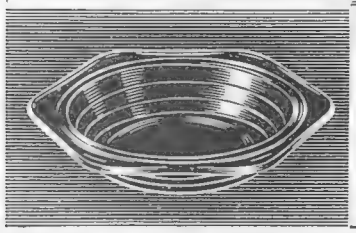

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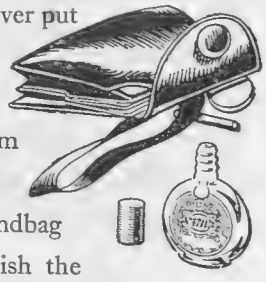

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Antoine greeted him and began laying tall wine glasses out on a wooden table.

Pierre rubbed his hands slyly. "You will perhaps, spring a surprise on us to-night, eh?"

"Perhaps," Antoine said.

More footsteps. One after another they came in—Jules Dizy, Vivonne, Cholet and Dubois.

Everyone sat down. No one spoke about the wine. Antoine drew a deep breath and started to half fill a glass, holding the foot between thumb and forefinger. At last, six glasses of wine were on the table.

Now it was time to study the wine. "A white," said Pierre Cramant looking at the amber liquid. "I thought it would be red."

Dizy was rolling the glass between the palms of his hands. He whirled the wine gently to see if it hung to the glass. Vivonne was sniffing over his glass, hands cupped. Dubois held his glass up to the light and then rubbed a spot of wine on the back of his hand and pressed it to his nostrils. Then, as if by word of command, all of them, except Antoine, raised a glass and sipped.

Dubois made a smacking noise with his lips. "It reminds me of . . ." he paused, seeking a reminder. "Yes, of Sauternes."

Cramant snorted and said nothing. His face showed plainly that to him it was still vinegar.

Dizy drew a deep breath. "I congratulate you. You would not tell the difference between this and a Romanee-Conti."

"Nonsense," sneered Cramant.

Antoine picked up the glass and felt the smooth flow of the wine in his mouth. It was like velvet but with a delicate piquancy, a stimulating sharpness. It was like nothing he had ever tasted. It was like the tremble of a woman's lips.

Now they were all talking at once. Antoine listened anxiously. Cholet seemed at a loss for words. "Formidable," he kept saying.

"You have made a discovery," Vivonne said. "Here's to a new Lemaître vintage."

The glasses were half filled again and then a third time. A glow began to suffuse Antoine. It was not drunkenness. His mind was clear and alert. But he felt a curiously warm affection stealing over him for the things about him and the people with him. For the first time in twenty years he began to like Pierre Cramant.

Of course, the wine was a success and that made him feel wonderful. But this sense of oneness, this appreciation of the beauty of such commonplace things as a chair, a table, a jug—yes—it was strange.

He looked at the men about him. Eyes sparkled with animation. But no cheeks were flushed. No voices were raised. Why should they? They had had but three half glasses each.

Then Cholet said to Antoine: "A fine, sparkling wine indeed, as fine and beautiful, if I may say so, as your wife." This seemed to Antoine a perfectly reasonable observation.

Dizy stood up and bowed to Antoine and said: "On the contrary, it has that—that perfection which I can only see," he paused, and looked at Cholet, "in Madame Cholet."

"You are arguing at cross purposes," Vivonne said, "for both ladies are among the rarest beauties I have seen in this province."

Antoine was astonished. Not at the compliments or the way the men were throwing them back and forth, but because he realized at that moment that, in his secret heart, he had always looked upon Madame Dubois as a beautiful and noble woman. Why, then had he been in the habit of calling her (to himself) a *cheval de bataille*—an old battleaxe? There was no sense in it.

Suddenly, it became necessary to tell Madame Dubois of his admiration for her. He wanted to tell his friends this but found they were all talking at once again. Not about the wine. They were paying compliments to each other's wives and Cholet, with a much wider imaginative sweep, was maintaining that Frenchwomen were the most beautiful, talented and charming in the world.

Antoine stood up. He wanted to pay his respects to Madame Dubois and assure her of his humble devotion. Everyone else stood up. In a chattering group they walked up the steps into the garden.

Dusk was in the air. In another fifteen minutes it would be dark. Madame Lemaître was tending her roses. Immediately, the lanky Vivonne detached himself from the group and approached her. He took off his hat with a flourish. "Madame Lemaître," he said loudly, "being so close to the roses you have become as lovely as a rose yourself."

She stared at him and shouted: "You've had too much. You're drunk."

"And you are beautiful," he said.

She looked up the road at the little group disappearing towards the inn. "If you are like that I had better fetch Antoine home." She went into the house for her hat while Vivonne stood at the gate, looking adoringly up at her window.

They hurried along together, Vivonne listing her charms and trying to catch hold of her hand until Madame Lemaître threatened to brain him for a *roué*.

THE row had already started when the couple reached the inn. Cholet had got Nicky, the young guitarist from the inn to play for him under the bedroom window of Madame Dubois. He was singing a love song in a hoarse, cracked voice. Nicky was grinning.

Three doors away, Madame Cholet was shrieking first at her husband, who took no notice, and then threatening to bring a meat axe to Dubois's wife. Fat Madame Dubois was telling Cholet to go away, calling on the village to witness that this was none of her doing and shouting for her husband to come and fight for her honour if he was half a man.

M. Dubois, however, with a bunch of wild flowers clutched absurdly in his hand, was telling the hag-like

(*Continued on page 66*)

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wife of Pierre Cramant that he loved her.

Antoine went up and tapped Cholet on the arm. "You must be quiet now," he said gravely, "it is my turn to tell Madame Dubois how beautiful she is."

"Insults," screamed Madame Dubois.

Cholet gave a ceremonious bow and stepped back. Antoine began to call endearments to Madame Dubois.

"Antoine," yelled his wife, "come here this instant away from that slut."

"Loud-mouthed pig," Madame Dubois called back promptly, "I'm not surprised he wants a rest from you."

A furious husband had come out of the inn and was shaking his fist under Vivonne's nose and telling his wife to go indoors. Madame Vivonne ran out from her cottage, seized her husband by the ear and dragged him inside. It was a signal for all the wives to olaim their husbands in between shoutings of abuse at each other.

By midnight even the dogs had stopped barking and the village was quiet.

The next morning everyone was talking about what had happened. It was agreed that the men must have got drunk at the tasting. "Antoine's vinegar must have a kick," they said.

But the six culprits remembered what had happened. They knew they had not been drunk. Three half glasses of wine? Fantastic. Then what had happened? It was puzzling. They did not know. But five cursed Antoine and his wine.

They went to the fields to work that morning and their wives would not speak to them. People in the street laughed and called to them and made rude signs. It was terrible.

Later that morning, while the men were

The Loved One

in the fields Madame Lemaître put on her hat and went to the village. She had an idea about all this. There was nearly a battle of hostile wives until she managed to get them together to discuss it. They came to the conclusion that it was a strange form of drunkenness that affected the men in such a—well—a dangerous way. Madame Lemaître took Jean's letter from her pocket. She read to them the part about the Indian name for the wine—the loved one.

Madame Dubois was for tasting the wine to prove the theory. She was outvoted. Then, in a body, they marched down the road to the Lemaître house. In the cellar they emptied the cask of wine and poured it from buckets down the drain in the yard.

"Now for the vine," trumpeted Madame Lemaître. "This will see the end of the devil's brew."

Led by Madame Lemaître and with spades, trowels and knives they made a fearsome sight as they marched up to the vineyard. Most of the men bolted. Antoine stood his ground and pleaded with them. They laughed at him and told him his wine was in the drains. They pushed him aside and ripped the vine up by the roots, burning it with dried grass and stamping the grapes into the ground. Then they left him.

As Antoine walked slowly back to his house that evening he met Cramant who chuckled in that sly way of his and said: "A pity. It would have made a fortune in Paris."

"Yes," said Antoine. He decided that he disliked Cramant as much as ever.

END

Women And Children First

(*Continued from page* 20)

nebulously as a narrator. Of the two films *The Gentle Sex* was the one which women went to see and which more women remember to-day—in spite of everyone's love of Leslie's personality and performance in the Spitfire film. Of course there are other considerations, but these two films from the same stable are a good example, within my own experience, of how women apparently prefer to see pictures in which they are the centre of interest, with the male playing second-fiddle, however charmingly, brutally or passionately he may do it.

OF the men, women and children who go regularly to the cinema, women form the biggest group of patrons. Why is this? Obviously the figures are influenced by the facts that women are the biggest of these three divisions of the community, that on the whole they have the most free time and that, in my view, they have the greatest need of the relaxation which the cinema offers.

But why do women choose the cinema as one of their favourite relaxations? I think it is because women have to be careful with their money and are more inclined than men to weigh the relative advantages of this or that, when it involves spending. A woman has say, three hours to spare; what is the best value for relaxation away from the home—a theatre, a public house, a dance hall or cinema? For most women, the theatre is too expensive and there are the inconveniences of fixed times and the booking of seats; for most women, too, the public house is not an attraction, particularly if they are alone or have children with them; also for women alone, the dance hall is not much of an attraction; and so they go to the cinema, which is available at almost any time, is comfortable and comparatively cheap, which is usually nearby and which offers a more varied fare than do the other attractions. With all its failings, the cinema is a good buy.

Through the years, it has been shown again and again that women prefer films about women or about children; as a rule, men should be involved, but not to the exclusion of the woman's predominant rôle.

My old showman was right; if, as well as having your feminine interest bang in the centre of your picture, you also have a child—plus a dog for luck—the chances of your picture being a success are increased many times. If you have a remarkable child artist, as in *The Fallen Idol*, you may even increase the adult male interest and decrease the female, and still make the success of the year, though I am not overlooking the fact that the picture should be good. (I don't say "very good," for I can recall examples of films where the child appeal transcends the deficiencies of the films themselves—*Prelude to Fame*, for instance, in which the astonishing performance by little Jeremy Spenser made the picture.)

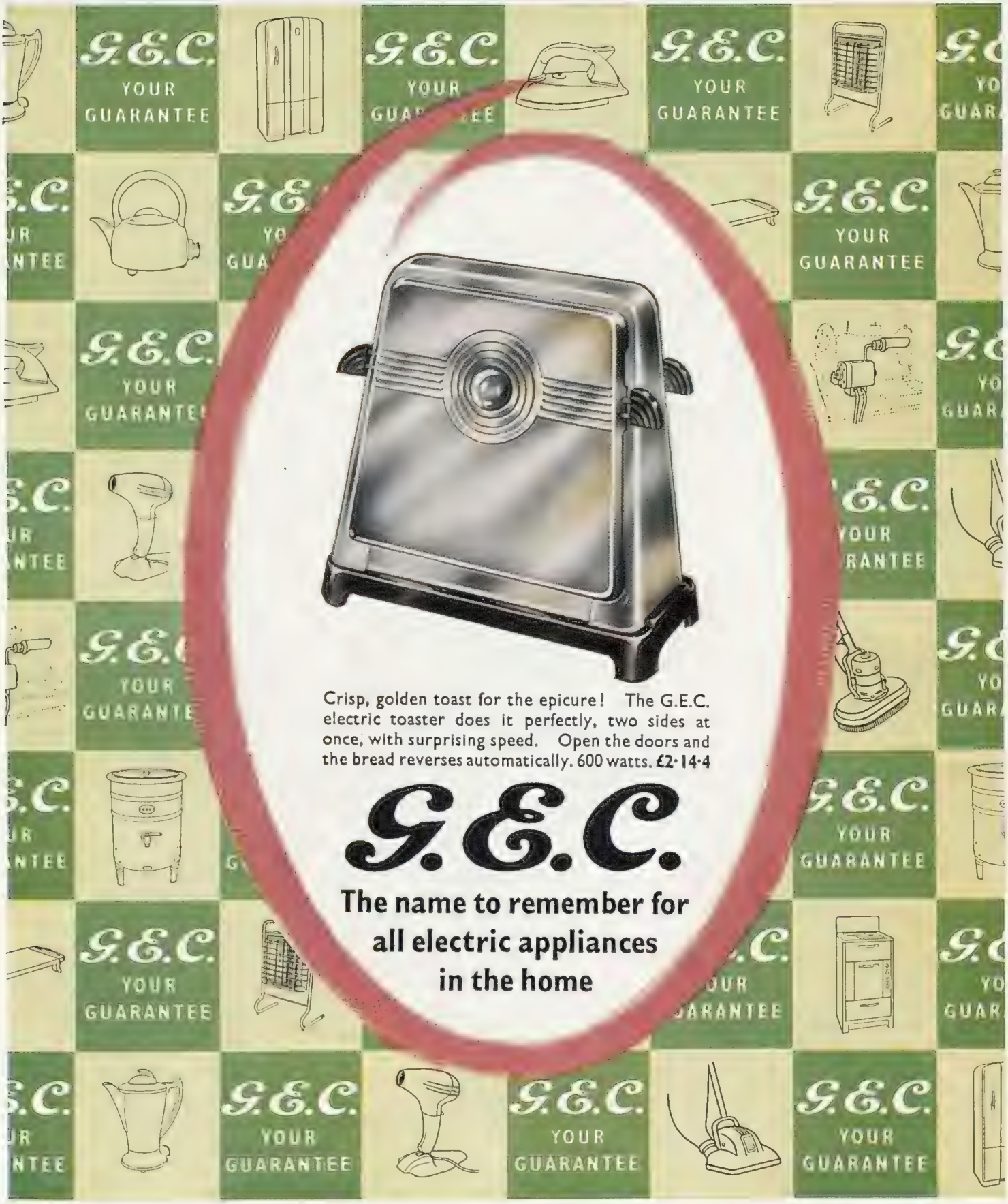
IN the year that *The Fallen Idol* was first shown, there were a dozen other big British films which were reckoned by the film trade to be first rankers and fit to be shown anywhere. They were:

Hamlet, Miranda, Spring in Park Lane, Oliver Twist, The Red Shoes, The Winslow Boy, No Orchids for Miss Blandish, No Room at the Inn, Portrait from Life, The Guinea Pig, Here Come the Huggetts, Scott of the Antarctic.

All except the last contained a major proportion of the ingredients recommended by my old showman and many of them featured children. While producers cater mainly for women, pictures like *Scott of the Antarctic* will seldom get a square deal at the box office. It is not that women cannot appreciate such stories of masculine courage and endurance; it is that the distribution and exhibition of pictures have been so long geared for appealing to their regular women customers, that they do not seem to be up to the job of selling pictures of the Scott type—they seem to lose heart before they start.

About twenty-five million cinema tickets are bought weekly in our country and it is estimated that this represents about seventeen million people—out of a total of close on fifty million. It is obvious, therefore, that there is a majority that is not reached by the cinema; but as things are, I still think that the *safe* line for box-office appeal is "Women and Children first."

END



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The Paris Press—Old And New

(*Continued from page* 16)

Le Petit Parisien was founded by a Senator Dupuy who bequeathed it to his son who married an American nurse, a woman of high principles and intelligence. They had two sons who took control of the newspaper on the death of their father at a relatively early age; their mother took an active interest in the paper and its valuable kindred publications, but on the outbreak of war she went to the United States. Her sons went over to the Germans. Just before the Liberation of France they disappeared. They are on the French "Wanted" list and if ever caught they will face trial and heavy punishment.

Their mother returned to Paris and it was understood she was going to re-float one of her valuable properties, the daily illustrated newspaper *Excelsior*, but the project came to nothing.

Hundreds of French journalists are on the "Wanted" list for collaboration charges; some have been caught and punished.

When liberation came there was a flood of new publications; circulations soared and although there was a cry that newsprint was in short supply, not a week went by but a new publication appeared. There were two reasons for this; the obvious one, of course, was that after years of reading German controlled publications the French wanted to read a "free" Press. The other reason was less altruistic. Many people—too many—had acquired fortunes through collaborating with the Germans; they wanted to hide their ill-gotten wealth and many thought that a newspaper would be a good "funk hole" for fortunes. Then came the Slump with a very large capital S. The new publications withered, drooped and folded. Even an evening newspaper like the already mentioned *L'Intran*, which had not the slightest stigma attached to it, was re-floated and made a brave attempt to stand on its own feet, but after a few months of struggle it gave up the ghost and became amalgamated with one of the newly established evening newspapers.

When war broke out the Communists had one struggling morning newspaper in Paris and one or two in the provinces. Now the Communists are in the newspaper game in a big way. Their morning newspaper is still a poor thing, but they own an evening newspaper which has the largest Parisian circulation. They own several prosperous women's papers and a weekly illustrated publication of considerable merit.

Parisian journalists under the Third Republic were paid on a poverty basis and had to work seven days a week; many I knew had to work for two or three publications in order to make a living. Now, under the Fourth Republic the Parisian journalists are among the best paid in Europe. They work six days a week. Daily newspapers are not allowed to appear on Sundays.

Now, for the first time, Sunday newspapers are making their appearance in Paris. Their great trouble is distribution, because nowadays neither newsagents or newspaper kiosks are open Sundays. The Sunday newspapers have to organize their own distribution, which is quite a job.

The ever rising cost of newspaper production in Paris is affecting sales, because within a short while newspapers have doubled their selling price. The present price for a morning or evening newspaper is twopence halfpenny, but a further rise in the not very distant future is to be anticipated.

Figaro has for years been a rebel on the newspaper field. Some years before the war when this newspaper belonged to the late M. Coty, the scent manufacturer, he fell out with the wholesalers and organized his own sales. He had his salesmen and women sitting next to the newspaper kiosks with open umbrellas in front of them; in the umbrellas were copies of *Figaro*. When the latest increase in selling price was announced, *Figaro* refused to concur, but eventually fell into line.

Figaro is generally conceded to be the best in the field of Parisian morning newspapers, just as *Le Monde* is easily the first in the evening field. *Figaro* possessed its own building, on the Avenue des Champs Elysées and is still in that delectable spot.

Le Monde is housed in the former *Temps* building in the Rue des Italiens.

In the "Red House," the once famous *Matin* building on the Boulevard Poissonière are now no fewer than three newspapers including the Communist morning newspaper and another morning paper known as *Ce Matin*.

Until about eighteen months ago there were around thirty morning and evening newspapers published in Paris, but foldings and amalgamations have reduced the number by about fifty per cent.

Paris was always a great place for freak publications and under the Fourth Republic still is. For instance there is the weekly *Opinion Publique* written entirely by readers, and there is *L'Escalier de Service* (Tradesmen's Entrance) which can best be described as Jeames Plush's own newspaper. Latterly the Paris tramps met and decided to re-float their own paper.

Paris newspaper kiosks are once again crazy quilts of papers published in all languages, from Hebrew to English (the American *Herald-Tribune* and the *Continental Daily Mail* still flourish) but there are nevertheless the nostalgic memories of pre-war evenings when the Paris boulevards resounded to the cries of *Paris-Sport! L'Intran! La Presse!* now in the limbo of things gone but not forgotten.

END

The Way To The Stars

(*Continued from page* 33)

withdrawn some of the Huygens diagrams and given the greater credit to his own countryman. But, again because of wars on the Continent, the papers were not publicly available until after Clemente de Nelli's death in 1811, when it was too late for national propaganda to distort the truth about Huygens.

What had Christiaan Huygens of Zulichem achieved? One of the four sons of Sir Constantijn Huygens (knighted by James I), Christiaan Huygens lived a comfortable life at The Hague, where the Huygens family received many distinguished musicians, artists and mathematicians from Whitehall. He might have been forgiven for taking up a life of luxury, but in fact he and his younger brother Constantijn spent all their leisure in scientific work. As early as 1655 he had been working with his brother on the formation of lenses, with the aid of which he built a ten-foot telescope and saw the rings of Saturn.

Even when Louis XIV made a golden offer to Huygens to leave Holland and live and work in Paris, he did not take up the rich life of Parisian society. Quietly he continued his research with marine clocks, knowing that until a chronometer could be perfected to give accurate determination of longitude, wars by windjammer would always be hazardous.

FROM 1666 for about eleven years he worked in Paris, and all the sea-trials were done in French ships. In any case, the war then in progress between the English and the Dutch put an end to the marine progress on which Pepys had pinned so much faith for Britain.

Only Pepys at the Admiralty knew how much might depend on the success of Huygens's marine clocks. They had sent Captain Holmes (later Admiral Sir Robert Holmes) on a filibustering expedition to the Guinea Coast to harry the Dutch, and then Holmes went on (*Continued on page* 70)

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to New Amsterdam (New York) and to the West Indies. On the whole of this route the Huygens clocks had been used for navigation.

On the way back, 300 leagues from Barbados, the captains of three other ships under Holmes's command complained that they had not enough water, feared that they were 80 to 120 leagues off their proper course, and begged to return. Holmes replied that according to the clocks they were within thirty leagues of Fuego, one of the Cape Verde Islands; and if at the end of two days' sailing the Huygens clocks proved wrong, he would risk his life in the return journey for water. The next morning Fuego was sighted. . . .

ALTHOUGH in the closing years of his life Huygens had officially become an "enemy" of Britain, the East India Company used his marine inventions, and in 1692 had cause to complain of a ship's clock he had designed. Huygens replied: "I have on this occasion invented something quite different and incomparably (*ongelijck*) better, which I have in mind, and of which in due course I hope to give Your Excellencies further particulars. . . ."

What the new marine discovery was we shall now never know. Two days after signing the letter, this man who had opened up the way to the stars passed on his own astral way to the Great Beyond, leaving an unsolved mystery.

END

Hocus Island

(*Continued from page* 31)

"It may be on his side, Miss Sonnet," said Bill firmly. "But I'm not. I just came with the boat."

"You mean you won't mind if Uncle Toastie—if Mr. Todd——"

"I will, though! It isn't his. It's mine." He corrected himself. "And yours. Fifty-fifty."

"And I suppose," said Alinda, "I carry my two hundredweight of it back to the ship in a snake-skin reticule and say it's only sea-shells I picked up on the beach?"

"Depends what ship you mean," said Bill.

So utterly, you see, does gold corrupt; already the root of all evil was sending up its not so green shoot. Nine hundred feet below, at one end of the blazing beaches of Ratonera, Lysander Todd stood at the bottom of his biggest hole yet, staring at a dog's thigh-bone and wondering what it meant; at the other end of those beaches, beneath the feather-fingered palms of Ratonera, Hugh M'Kie drove his spade into the sand; but up on Lesser Rat these two other rodents sat on a mound of fresh soil, deserting both ships, and fixing things.

Bill talked; he had a brother Jack, and Jack had a sixty-foot diesel job; he'd be over to Hocus Island in a fortnight's time, by arrangement, and if the others had left, Bill would wait on the island for him. He'd told M'Kie he might hang on for his brother.

"Double-crosser!" said Alinda, but not with real scorn.

For some reason Bill was pretty confident that both prospecting parties would have left Hocus by the end of that fortnight.

"Go back with Toddy and say nothing. Stop off at San Cristobal. I can recommend the Plaza Hotel—it's American pattern and it shines. I'll look you up as soon as Jack sets me ashore."

"Double-crosser!" said Alinda, with more feeling. "So I sail away with Uncle Toastie and never say a word and wait like a good girl! Will they give me reduced terms at the Plaza if I stay more than ten years?"

"So you don't trust me?"

"No," she said. "No."

The sun went down, almost with a plop, into the sea: and within a minute there were stars over the feather-fingered palms, and a gibbous moon.

"Why should I trust you? I'm a business woman," said Alinda, and who would have thought it, as she sat there tying once more the scarlet kerchief?—"Things have to be practicable. D'you think they'd miss this? D'you think that by the time they've tooth-combed the island they won't find something we found without even looking?"

"Speak for yourself," said Bill. "But all the same they won't find it, because——"

Up among the white stars a score of red ones blazed suddenly and started falling down the sky: then a second score.

"Because of that," said Bill.

"The rockets," cried Alinda. "Two!—for M'Kie. They've seen us—you've told them—somehow—they *know*."

Bill only smiled with the side of his face nearest to her. They didn't know, he said. They'd just found something else; he didn't know what, and didn't much care—that was their worry. But it would probably stop them looking any farther.

"Moonlight to-night. I'll be up here with a chisel and a claw hammer. See what's inside our lot—never mind about theirs."

"Not alone, you don't," said Alinda.

"How can a sweet girl like you be so suspicious? All right, then. We'll both come."

"And have everybody wondering why on earth we want to go wandering over the island together at midnight?"

From this smile Bill actually used both sides of his face. "They won't wonder. They'll think they know."

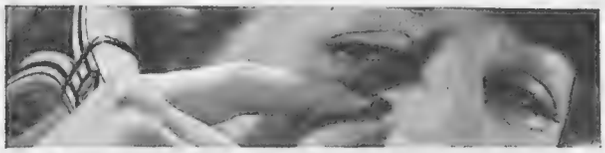
Alinda was furious.

"Can't be helped, Miss Sonnet," said Bill. "Our only alibi. There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, now they've found something—a get-together—and you and I'll have to look as if we've sort of got together too. Aren't you a business woman? Well, this *is* business."

(*Continued on page* 72)

Don't let *these eyes...*

become these...



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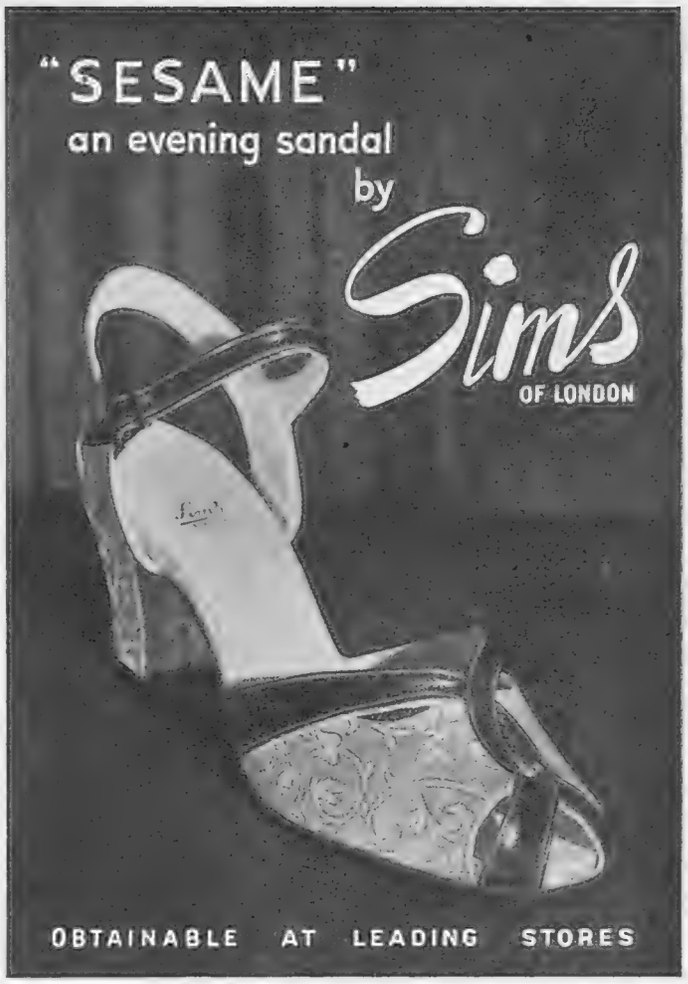

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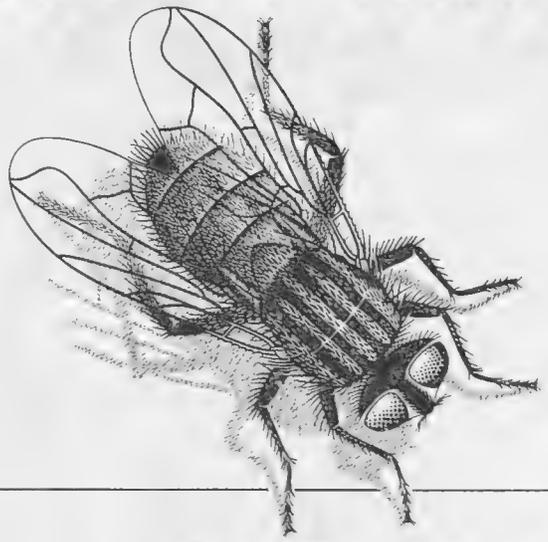

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THE man must have some force of character, she decided later. It had even seemed reasonable, when he planned it—reasonable that they had found the treasure, and should keep it, and smuggle it out, the horrible plutocrats, and share it between them, in an underprivileged world, and be just as rich and spoilt and simple-minded and happy as Lysander Todd himself.

But when she saw what Hugh M'Kie had dug up, within thirty feet of tide-mark, where it was easy going in the sand, she knew at once it was impossible they had found the treasure at all—unless Hocus was as full of gold as Fort Knox. It was true that M'Kie had only found one chest and that it was smaller than either of theirs, but when the lid was opened it glittered back at the moon and the torches—a great drift of shining coin and sparkling gems with gleaming goblets, bowls and candlesticks half buried in the rich and scintillating scree.

Everyone came to look, and M'Kie stood on the edge of the pit proudly, sending Broth-of-a-boy, the black cook, to and fro in the dinghy fetching drinks, while the gibbous moon put clawing shadows beneath the feather-fingered palms upon the still hot sands.

"So much for science, Mr. Lysander Todd! Give me a magical rumpot like Happy Andrew (wake him up and fill his glass somebody) —and I'll show the world!"

Todd, chewing a cigar, was as calm as the lagoon; the big business fox was coming out.

"My concession," he said "covers the whole island."

At that Broth-of-a-Boy took back the rum he was offering in a chipped mug.

"I told you before," said M'Kie, "what you could do with your concessions. And as for a man that breaks his solemn word——"

"I don't break my word. What you've found, it's yours. Good luck to you. But I guess you won't be so wonderful lucky. Concessions don't matter, M'Kie, until you've found something, but then they do. And one of the conditions of mine is that I report back pretty fully to San Cristobal. They'll be mighty interested to know that the *Calypso*, Australian registry, sailed out of Anchorage Bay with a ton or two of gold aboard—without a cut for the government. And they won't worry about getting up steam in the old river gunboat. There'll be diplomatic notes, and warrants, and radiograms to Washington, and the U.S. Navy sending out a couple of destroyers just out of good neighbourliness. Did you ever take a good look at that jail in San Cristobal where they chain 'em up to walls and it costs a dollar a day to the guard to get tied up on the shady side?"

M'Kie laughed heartily: it was a hell of a good joke.

Todd went on calmly, "I'll give you ten thousand dollars for that lot. Cash. Got the cash aboard. Ten thousand dollars—and I'll post my own guards—and you sail to-morrow morning."

M'Kie flung his glass smash into the doubloons, where its fragments cut avaricious fingers long afterwards; he leapt out of the pit roaring.

"Ten thousand! For that gold-mine! Sell it for ten thousand! I'll see you in hell first, Lysander Todd!"

Todd never flinched.

An hour and a half later the deal was closed at twelve thousand five hundred.

So that night six young men with TODD printed in blue letters across their white sweaters, with shotguns and automatic pistols, stood guard beside what was no longer M'Kie's treasure chest.

Up on Lesser Rat, Bill Partridge was prising the lids off the two other, larger chests, and Alinda was sitting by not much interested, certain there could be no more treasure. These were probably only a couple of Pacific trunk murders, quite unproductive.

"Look," said Bill.

This treasure was neater. Were pirates methodical people? It glittered much less extravagantly than M'Kie's. And many of the neat stacks of coin, the piles of bars (could they be ingots?) and the little bags of what seemed to be pebbles, bags that fell to pieces when you touched them, were set in a sandy silt; it was this that had kept them in such order, despite the sliding of the chests down the slope.

"But Bill—is it really?"

"It really is."

"As much as—as much as M'Kie found?"

"Ten times as much. Lindy, the *Calypso* sails to-morrow morning. I'll wait ashore for Jack. You go to San Cristobal and——"

"The *Lysander Todd* sails to-morrow night. And I will *not* go to San Cristobal."

"But——"

"I don't trust you."

"But you can't *stay*!"

"I can. Uncle Toastie'll have a shock. But he can leave a couple of the huts for us. I'm of age—I don't have to ask anybody."

"You don't trust me! You'll stay alone with me on a desert island—near enough. They'll have to leave some canned food—and you don't trust me!"

"Oh, I trust you that way. But this is business. And remember that, Bill, even if we do have to do a little play-acting. I think you will—but I'll carry a little two-five automatic I have, just in case."

"Pearl-handled, I'll bet. And who's going to break it to Uncle Toastie?"

"You may leave that," said Alinda confidently, "to me."

IT was, of course, a shock for Uncle Toastie.

He was on the quarterdeck of the *Lysander Todd* when it came to him, and Captain Johnson was standing by. The arrival of Alinda Sonnet, serene and assured, hand in hand with a flushed and bemused Bill Partridge, had interrupted their conference.

"Now this is *new*!" was Todd's first comment. "Usually it's Betty that falls for the fake counts and the classier crooners, but I never thought——"

(*Continued on page* 74)

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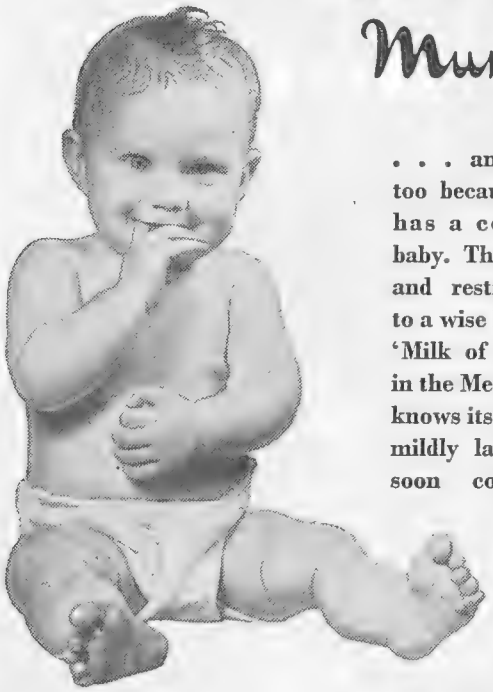

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"Fake counts!" protested Bill. "Mr. Todd!"

"I can't expect you to understand, Uncle Toastie," said Alinda. "How could you? But something so wonderful's happened—so beautiful, so enormously beautiful—darling Bill and I, how could we bear to leave our heavenly island so soon? Not for a week or two at least; not until Bill's brother comes to take us off. And could you leave us a hut or two and perhaps——"

"Fact is, Mr. Todd," said Bill "If I can buy about four dozen tins of milk, say the same of meat, twenty-four loaves, a hundredweight of——"

"I guess it's a pity your father died, Alinda," said Todd. "A regular guy—but strict New England in his views. He'd have called it plain immoral. I can't stop you—but, gee, won't the papers run it hard? 'Tropic Island Romance!'—and leggy sarong pictures. It won't help me any."

"Mr. Todd," murmured Captain Johnson.

"In a moment," said Todd. "I'm busy. You see, if it gets around my boat's no better'n a——"

"Ship at sea," murmured Captain Johnson. "Captains empowered perform marriage ceremony—legal and binding." He waved his hands. "No scandal."

Todd swung round and clapped him on the shoulders.

"That's it!"

"But half a minute—" began Alinda.

"Get it fixed right away," said Todd.

"While he's looking for the Book you can go below and see Yorke about those stores you want, young man. Better change, Alinda. Or do you want to be married in a sun-suit?"

The *Lysander Todd* looked less like sanitary ware as she got smaller; turned into a small piece of jewellery; a lazy sea-gull; a single stick in the water; vanished.

"Mrs. Partridge——"

"You can cut that out," said Alinda.

The Partridges sat on the blazing white sand of Ratonera, under its feather-fingered palms, a couple of yards apart, scowling.

"I don't feel good about it," she said. "Poor old Uncle Toastie—and M'Kie, too. But after all, they got some of it."

"That's the hell of it—they didn't."

"What do you mean?"

"M'Kie shadowed that ship from Panama. He's a pirate, sure as Quail himself. You know, it took him all of three months to make that treasure—the treasure he *brought* to the island and dug up—after he'd buried it—and sold. Borrowed museum pieces to make dies for the coin. Bought up all the paste jewellery in Central America. It was all brass and glass—maybe worth about a hundred bucks. And the only expert Todd didn't have was a jeweller. But who'd think of *testing* gold, when you find it buried where they always said it was, on Hocus Island? M'Kie didn't know I knew; but I did."

"Bill! D'you mean it was all a fraud?"

"From the start. Toddy walked into it. M'Kie knew he would. Even if he hadn't given up half the island, it would have worked—M'Kie would have lain on and off until Todd was tired of looking and then offered the services of Happy Andrew. The only mistake M'Kie made was that he never believed in the treasure on Ratonera. But I did."

"Poor old Uncle Toastie! I feel——"

"Well, don't. He's got enough. But that's a bad way of thinking; particularly now we maybe have enough, too. But don't you honestly think it'll do him good to be cheated for once? In any case, nobody's got a better right to this bullion than I have. As for you, you were just plain lucky."

"You had a right?—I had every bit as much."

"No, Lindy. I just had to cut you in. Or cut you out in a homicidal sort of way, and we don't do things like that in our family any more. When you met me on that cliff I was within ten feet of the treasure—and I *knew* it."

"What—another bloodstained chart?"

"No—something more reliable. You see when poor old Quail was strung up at Execution Dock he left three sons. Quail wasn't a good name to have, though, after that. But the kids didn't want to be disloyal—so they made it Partridge. Quail—Partridge: birds of a feather. And later on a great-grandson got himself shipped out free of cost to Botany Bay. But we're as law-abiding a family as you'll find in the Commonwealth—my father managed a bank. As for me, I'd been trying to get to Ratonera ever since I could walk. There was a family tradition—and it was dead right, once I found my landmarks. Only you happened along at the wrong moment."

"I think you are a thousand times worse than M'Kie!" said Alinda sternly. "You deceive my uncle—trick me into marriage——"

"Not me. If anyone was kidnapped for that party it was Bill Partridge. Besides, we can straighten that out. We can push through a divorce pretty well overnight if we try. I don't suppose you cook, do you? Well, I'll try. I just put this in boiling water, and sometimes they blow up and sometimes they don't."

DURING that day relations were distinctly cordial, but nothing more. Alinda slept in the hut, and Bill in several places about a hundred yards away under those feather-fingered palms, but wherever he was he found the bugs stayed up later.

Second day, a certain amount of cordiality at breakfast. Cooler in the afternoon. Third day, something wrong. But what? Bill tried to find out, over the de-canned lunch in front of the beach hut.

"Don't let it worry you, Lindy. There are even places where we can get divorces by mail. But maybe they're not so binding. Anyhow it'll be the easiest thing. I know a good firm (*Continued on page* 76)

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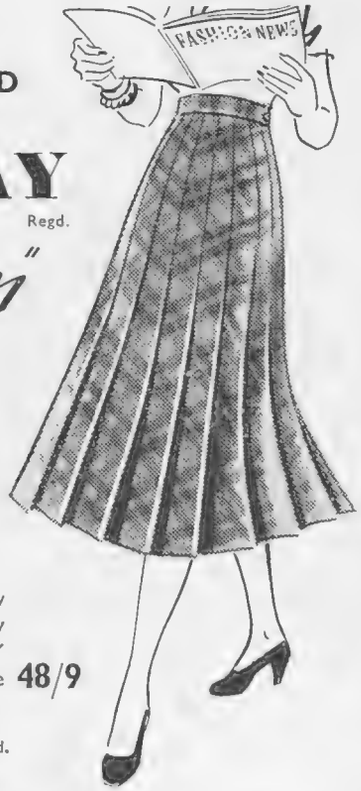

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of lawyers. Maybe they can trip up Captain Johnson, if they try—after all, he doesn't do it every day. The ship wasn't really at sea at all—it was——"

He said no more; because a plateful of beans hit him in the face. Tomato juice ran over his cheeks like blood, and a fragment of pork lodged in his right eyebrow.

"Some people," raved Alinda Partridge, "would give *anything* to marry me! Some men would think it a pretty fine thing—I could have married dozens of men—fine men——"

"Oh," said Bill, rising from the packing-case he sat on and not bothering to wipe the sauce from his face. (It was rather cooling, as a matter of fact.) "Well, then, perhaps we needn't get a divorce at all. Beastly things."

EXPEDITIONS still land frequently on Hocus Island, and always get the same blurbs in the world's Press. They nearly always have a good time. So do the Partridges, including the new twins, in their quite anachronistically pretentious Melbourne home. Or perhaps I ought to call them the Quail-Partridges, as indeed they like to be called—their enemies think it just another symptom of *nouveau-riche* pretentiousness, and maybe it is.

But all treasure-island stories are hideously immoral, aren't they?

The Wood Merits A Setting

(*Continued from page* 39)

In any case the rosewoods, lacquers, and gilts of this period are an extension of the eighteenth century, and much the same choice of background to the furniture applies. The stripes, the dove greys, the lyres and the bees, seem to flutter, twang, and buzz contentedly on silky and satin backgrounds very flattering to their owners.

And what about Victoriana? The machine-age when furniture, fabrics, and everything else were turned out quicker and heavier than ever before. It is a problem, but don't do anything rash. Things which your parents may have told you were horrid will now command the respect of the smart decorator, and incidentally a good price, too.

You may have had massive wardrobes and sideboards in your life, far too cumbersome for your present house or flat? The only hope for these seems to be the saleroom, but smaller pieces are often very useful, and also very comfortable. Keep one or two of those low, buttoned, sewing chairs, recover them in a suitably Victorian colour, moss green or mustard, plum or Saxe blue.

The walnuts and mahoganies of this period also demand Victorian colours as a background, but if these pieces are too overpowering why not paint them an off-white, picking out the mouldings in gold or silver?

Black lacquered furniture inlaid with mother o' pearl is valuable now, and glitters very prettily alongside the oak or walnut of an earlier period. Victorian embroidery or beadwork is amusing on cushions, mixed up with your more classical or rustic examples. In fact this is your chance to be original so seize it with imagination and care.

IF you feel that you must make a break with the past and have a completely modern room, how very wise you are, and I should start by choosing the curtains. The latest colours will match the freshness of your mood. They are either sharp and clear, Pompeian and pillar-box reds, deep blue, lemon yellow, or else strange off-colours, difficult to describe but very beautiful. Grey-blues in different tones, light curry yellow, and cyclamen. Post-war designs are vivid and clear and with them I should have plain walls in off-white (not cream), with close fitting carpets of a neutral colour and occasional modern rugs, but *never* Orientals. The only exception to this is Moorish rugs which have an unusual affinity with current design, and look splendid with modern furniture.

The stage is set and now to choose your furniture. I went to a London store renowned for good modern furniture and found a fascinating selection. Their designs blend tradition with adventure and the result is entirely agreeable.

Light rosy mahogany is being used a lot. It is polished but not too shiny, which would give the bleakest room a new warmth and cosiness. Plain brass drop handles have appeared again, following the lead given by Swedish designers.

THE striped marking of straight grained walnut is very handsome, and this wood and mahogany are now the most popular. Running them close is 'silky' oak, rather more sophisticated than the plain limed oak, and now used by designers very cleverly, to give strength with lightness of construction.

I was particularly impressed with an inexpensive set of Unit furniture to fit a one-room flat. This consisted of a chest of drawers-cum-dressing table, a divan fitment of shelves and cupboards surrounding the bed, a wardrobe, and a flap desk attached to the wall.

END

You Have Time For This

(*Continued from page* 55)

scattered thickly over and a glacé cherry on top is delicious.

You may like to make the sweet course your main feature, in which case if you start with a simple first item such as warmed-through Vol au Vents or nicely fried fish you might follow with one of these :

LEMON CASTLE PUDDINGS

Ingredients: 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; 2 oz. flour; 2 oz. breadcrumbs; desiccated coconut; 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful milk; 1 lemon; lemon curd; crystallized ginger.

Cream margarine and sugar. Beat egg well and mix in. Add crumbs to flour and beat into mixture, together with milk. Gradually add grated rind and juice of lemon. Fill well-greased dariolle moulds with mixture. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F. about 25 minutes. Unmould and pour over hot lemon curd. Sprinkle puddings with coconut. Decorate with slices of crystallized ginger.

HONEY RAMAKINS

Ingredients: ½ cup brown sugar; 1 cup flour (self-raising); 1 oz. melted margarine; dessertspoonful custard powder; ½ pint milk; 3 cooking apples (peeled and sliced); 3 tablespoonfuls honey; 1 egg yolk; pinch salt.

Meringue: 1 egg white; 1 tablespoonful castor sugar.

Well grease small fireproof dishes. Line with sliced apples. Cover with brown sugar and honey (which should be warmed). Beat egg yolk. Add remaining brown sugar, custard powder made into paste with a little of the milk, melted margarine and gradually mix in flour with salt added and remaining milk. Beat well, pour over apples. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 30 minutes. Cool a few minutes; whisk egg white; add a tablespoonful sugar; whisk again. Put a whirl of meringue on top of each. Return to oven till meringue is set and light brown. Serve with mock cream.

END

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After Dark In Europe

(*Continued from page* 13)

overwhelmed by the relentless lava flow from dominating Vesuvius, comes back to life, house by house, temple by temple.

At least, that is the illusion it created for me. As I wandered down the deserted streets in company with Professor Majuri, Director of Excavations and one of Europe's leading archæologists, he pointed out the treasures of antiquity won by hard work with pick and shovel by generations of archæologists and their teams. But to me the past flashed back uncannily to real life. I felt that I might come suddenly on some of the original inhabitants emerging from their dim-lit doorways. In the Temple of Apollo this curious other-worldly feeling grew so strong that I again experienced that skin-creeping sensation of being out alone at night in "No-man's-land," with a thousand unknown and unseen eyes and ears watching and listening to my every move. Pompeii provided one of my most eerie experiences.

Italy, the world's tourist magnet with three million visitors for 1950's Holy Year, offers many other unusual entertainments after dark : the fireworks at Venice, a soaring triumph of rockets, a glitter of golden rain, all bringing enchanting reflections in the midnight-blue mirror of the Lagoon and the Grand Canal; the haunting music of the *posteggiatori*, while one dines at Santa Lucia beside the sea.

IN Rome, I lingered, educationally, in a night-club or two, some of which have the oddest names. "The Whip," for instance, but quite a select establishment. For general pleasure, however, I decided the outdoor *Dancings* most delightful. Many take place where great trees form arches of green roofs over the dance-floors, while each trunk is entwined with a solid corsage of smilax and delicately scented flowers.

If you like your *Dancings* with a dash of "It," you should try the Pincio where saxophones sob on the very spot where Messalina held her orgies and the notable Lucullus ate his way into history.

During July and August there are nightly performances of grand opera in the Baths of Caracalla, but these, though excellent, are not in my opinion on a par with Verona. More interesting are the occasional orchestral concerts given in the acoustically perfect Basilica of Maxentius adjoining the Roman Forum, where the listener is surrounded by the past—and the modernity of the flood-lit Colosseum.

Of Scandinavian night-life I can report that only Copenhagen is tempting. In Stockholm you get a horrified stare at the mere mention of night-clubs. In Oslo there is the Regnbuen (Rainbow), a Broadway type of place, with a noisy band and a mediocre floor-show. But the Norwegians have rather grim tastes in pleasure, and I found it pleasanter to sit in Blom's, a refurbished old wine store—quaint, colourful, and quietly Bohemian.

THE neighbouring Danes are far more joyous, and at the Tivoli, that unique and delightful pleasure park in the centre of Copenhagen, you may not only eat wonderfully, but have the choice of almost every kind of entertainment—from first-class clowns to fine orchestral concerts. There are also dancing pavilions, outdoor acrobatic shows, a scenic railway, and a giant wheel whose baskets are suspended from little Montgolfier balloons. Everything, in fact, for the child-hearted adult out for a night's conviviality.

Less known to the tourist is a pleasure park called Dyrchavsbakken, just outside the capital. Here there is lots of boisterous fun; yet I was able to step aside from the whirls and wheels to take dinner, while herds of deer wandered among the diners with all the grace of débutantes and persistence of head waiters.

Like Paris, night-life in Copenhagen lasts twelve hours. At the National Scala Restaurant (for those who like their comparisons) is the biggest bar in Europe. Here are two floors, soundproofed from each other by transparent glass blocks : from the bar upstairs you can see, but not hear, a fantastic furore of hundreds of dancers, a stage show, and hundreds of waiters constantly on the trot bearing mountains of food and gallons of beer.

And talking of bars, perhaps the most unusual one in which I once found myself in Europe was the Portwine Institute, Lisbon, where—very properly—the only drink is port. The wine list offers the choice of close on two hundred varieties !

If you're a sentimentalist you may enjoy the aura of the Viennese night-clubs, usually poky little affairs, but with a delightfully sinister atmosphere. It was in one of these I tossed a coin to Anton Karas before *The Third Man* made him famous and renamed his home Zither City.

FOR the romantic there is Grinzing—a suburb full of outdoor wine gardens, where you drink the new wine and listen to Viennese music—music which sounds better there than anywhere else in the world. The same can be said of Budapest where superb gipsy bands still entertain the people. In Prague, too, there are night-clubs—the 5 P's and Lucerna, for instance—but there is more pleasure, perhaps, in just sitting out in the *u Zlate Studny* beer-garden, looking out over the enchanting city.

It is in Liechtenstein that I stepped right back in time—about thirty-five years. Here, in the capital of this midget state, almost everyone seems to have a title. And that includes some of the shop-keepers, for it was with my friend Edouard, Baron de Falz-Fein—*the* photographer of Vaduz—that I visited the Café Real. Here, after dark, our present harsh world disappears, and the visitor finds himself in the midst of a pre-1914-war German monarchy. Barons bow and kiss the hands of Countesses; Excellencies click heels and punctiliously salute Serene Highnesses; Dukes gravely search their somewhat empty purses to pay for glasses of wine to be sipped by Baronesses. There's a charm, a dignity, and an old-world grace in Vaduz that is to be found nowhere else in the world.

There's something old-world, too, about Paris, for its bizarre, exotic, and often expensive night-life does not change much. One still drinks champagne with ladies whose dress fashions hardly change much through the years—for they wear next to nothing !

I don't think either that one of my favourite haunts changes much. This is *Le Lapin Agile*, popular since 1865, and about the only survivor from the legendary Bohemian era. This tiny place on the heights of Montmartre has only nine tables in a smoky, low-ceilinged room, lit by two unshaded lamps. Here musicians still sing the old ballads, but it is really the guests who entertain. Anyone can sing, recite, or just tell yarns—most of the latter quite incomprehensible to the foreign visitor.

Perhaps it is a connoisseur's haunt, for there's no floor-show, no dancing, no sex. In fact, just a nice, quiet, rich evening of entertainment.

Top of the list, too, in London after dark is something that makes to-day's appeal on yesterday's popularities. In short, the *Late Joys* at the Players' Theatre under The Arches in Villiers Street. Unfortunately you've got to be a member to get in, but if you are a foreign visitor the Travel Association can help you in this respect. The show is well worth seeing. Every artist is perfect, and the audience forms part and parcel of the show, all indulging in a Victorian heart-ringing sentimentality that rouses the ripest of humour. The *Late Joys* are London through and through, and provide a real contribution to the after-dark gaiety of nations in Europe.

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Building On To A Cottage

(*Continued from page 28*)

war in these conditions it was high time to make a few improvements. Our friends advised us not to try anything of the sort. "Don't," they said. "You will have too much worry."

Our architect looked about and could not see a spare inch in which to manœuvre, and we obstinately insisted that the new room should open out of the kitchenette where already there were three doors, the staircase, and the aforesaid cupboard. He shook his head and said that we had better find some other cottage.

Still, he is a friend, and after a while he produced a delightful plan (three copies, two coloured) and sent it to the local council with an application for a building licence. Our spirits rose.

Weeks passed and our spirits sank. All we knew was that the council had met to discuss affairs like ours.

At last we were told that it was so unlikely that our plans would be passed that they had not been put to the meeting. I rang up, and the assistant surveyor immediately offered to come and see me and was here in ten minutes.

Then we learned the facts of the situation.

This whole area is scheduled for housing, maybe in five years, maybe in fifty. When that happens our back garden will be required for widening the lane into a road.

To project any building at the back of the cottage beyond eight feet in width was quite out of the question.

The young surveyor was very nice and he explained quite clearly. He had already been up here unseen by us three times to see what could be done, but it was no good.

This seemed like a full stop, but after some further delay and meetings with our architect the young man reappeared with a suggestion. Could we not build on at the side, instead of at the back?

No, we could not, we did not want to sacrifice our fruit trees and bushes, and there were also unsurmountable drainage difficulties.

One Saturday morning when my husband was at home we rang the council up once more. They were reluctant, they said, to disappoint old residents, and the chief surveyor was coming up himself. He came, and his visit was a turning point for us. After a careful look at our plans he offered to take them and try to think out some alternative at the week-end; perhaps we could do with a long, narrow room instead of a square one? It was clear that he wished to help, and he did so by setting our minds off in a new direction.

By morning we had resigned ourselves to a room sixteen feet eight inches by eight feet two inches, opening out of the existing sitting-room and were ready even to do without a larder since there is so little to put in it.

The plan we made was rough but just good enough for our architect to make a new set from it. There was a further debate over three and a half inches, and then the council passed the plans.

Now came the question of the Land Development Charge. No one would take any notice of us on this point, letters, forms and copious copies of the plans were simply ignored by the authorities, and we decided to proceed without knowing what we should have to pay. Seven months later we heard that there would be no charge.

A quiet, subdued builder came to make an estimate, and mentioned that he had an excellent but very slow bricklayer. A rival followed who had a business-like and observant manner and he won the competition with the more moderate estimate but could not begin the work for some weeks.

Early on the morning of August 31, just as we were leaving for our summer holiday, a large, full lorry decanted men, bricks, and many unfamiliar objects on to the adjoining waste piece of ground obligingly lent us by a neighbour.

To the rule of neighbourliness there is no exception here in the five cottages housing fifteen people.

The day was extremely hot and the young workmen wore nothing above the belt. We hoped for the best and departed rather doubtfully for Hereford.

The brickwork of the new room was waist high when we returned two and a half weeks later, and the small side building which was to join the kitchenette to the existing brick shed and provide cupboards and a larder after all was well advanced. But a long wait for the windows of the new room had begun.

This did not hang up the work altogether, but we listened anxiously to the weather forecasts and wished for the roof to be on. There were two first-rate bricklayers. They worked silently and doggedly without much supervision and they pleased the architect no less than us. I think they were glad when we came home and we grew to like them both very much. It must have been uncomfortable when the cottage was shut up and there was no one to heat water and make tea and cocoa.

They had not much to eat of a sustaining kind and it seemed to me very bad management that the basis of their midday meal should so often be bread spread thinly with jam. Although they saw me at my kitchen jobs they did their best for our united prestige by calling me always madam. "Excuse me, madam, but do you happen to have seen the other gentleman?" They referred to our little new room as "the new wing." If they borrowed something from me they always put it back, and could tell me beforehand that we had it and where it was if I did not know.

Windows came at last and were put in. Said our architect quietly: "Those windows will have to come out." He was quite right; they did not match the rest, and he noticed everything and took as much trouble over the cottage as if it were a large and important building.

After eight weeks the moment came to knock a hole and fit the door between the old and the new rooms, (*Continued on page 82*)

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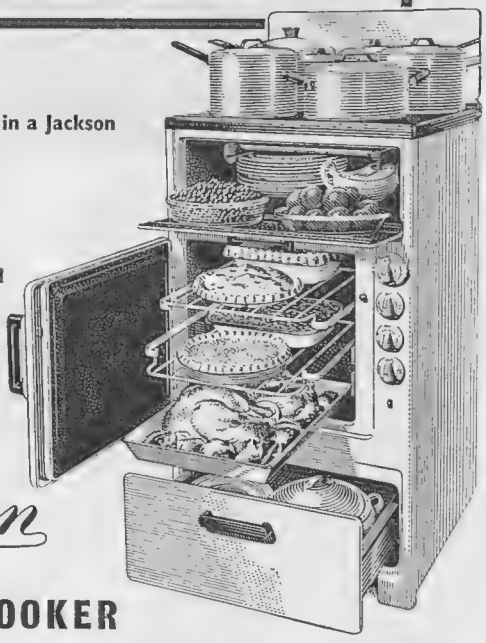

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and there was a terrific dust storm, but nothing really worried us until the plumbers came.

This work and the asphalting were contracted out and the plumbers were not like our sedate bricklayers. They were young and noisy, the day was wet and they certainly did evil that good might come. There were five of them all over the place and most particularly in my bedroom, climbing through a trap-door in the ceiling.

Twenty-three men worked here altogether : bricklayers, asphalters, plumbers, joiners, floor-block layers, electricians and painters. It was interesting, as they got to know us better, to hear something about their lives. Seven pounds a week does not seem to go very far now, with rents far too high. Some men could not get homes at any price. After the day's work is done many of them do a second job to make ends meet. One of the painters minces and mixes 150 lb. of sausages every Thursday night to keep a young son going, who promises to be a brilliant architect. The boy has won scholarships and passed his final examination while still a minor

The newly-married floor-block layer works seven days a week hoping to buy a house in time. There was no grumbling amongst these men. The painters' boy whistled at his work—"Swan Lake," Handel's "Water Music" and "The Floral Dance." He had perfect pitch and rhythm and the painter told me that "Ken" played in the town band.

Later on, Ken came out of his shell and spoke with enthusiasm of the coming contest for the brass band championship of Sussex, in which he was going to take part.

We were sorry to say good-bye to our last workman just before Christmas. It would have been sooner but once the work began we thought of many other things that needed to be done—new concrete paths at the back, a new gate post, an extra water butt, some more shelves. Nothing had been done for years and it was no use "spoiling the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar." Up to date we have paid the £450 odd of the original estimate, but are still waiting to settle the extras and the architect's fee, and the builder says it is more difficult to get his accounts out than to get the work done.

The cottage has gained the new bedsitting-room, a cloak-room, a larder, cupboards, and the advantage of fuel kept under cover, and it's appearance is improved.

I think it would be great fun to have something being built all the time, but I am sure that the income tax and the bill for extras will prevent us from indulging in any more building for a long time to come.

END

Put That In Your Pipe

(*Continued from page* 19)

sagging in his chair, with the ridiculously small, powder-rimmed hole in his temple, and the revolver clasped in his death grasp.

Now to action. He took out his wallet, which contained all his money and his railway return-ticket, and gently dropped it down the side of the armchair in which he had been sitting. The inquiry agents' report of his misdemeanours next commanded his attention; he gathered up the pages and carefully dropped them in the fire, burning them one by one. When all the paper had been thoroughly burned, he shovelled coal on the already blazing fire. The room was like an oven, and he wanted it to stay that way. He unlatched the French windows leading out to the lawn, and looked at the time. It was five minutes to eight. Now to the ticklish part of the manoeuvre. He rang the bell for Grayson, the butler.

It needed nerve, but the thought of the old man's will heartened him. He advanced to the door, waited until he heard the butler's shuffling footsteps approaching, then opened it, stood in the doorway, shouted out, "Well, good night, uncle," turned, closed the door and met Grayson just in time.

"He rang for you to see me out," he explained loudly, for he knew how deaf the butler was. "He seems pretty busy to-night."

"Yes, sir," agreed the butler, bringing him his hat, coat and gloves. "He told me he had some work to do and did not wish to be disturbed."

"Yes," said Edgar. When he arrived that evening, he heard his uncle give Grayson his instructions : "Bring me my cocoa at ten thirty and don't on any account disturb me before then." Those instructions were part of the plan. . . .

He let the butler help him on with his coat. "I suppose that's why uncle got rid of me at this early hour . . ." he looked at his wrist-watch ". . . only two minutes to eight. I expected to stay later than this. However. . . . What time's the next train to London?"

"There is a train on the hour every hour," answered Grayson. "The next one is at nine o'clock."

"Then there's plenty of time for me to walk to the station?"

"Yes, sir. It'll take you a little over half an hour, sir. But I can order you a taxi, if you like."

"No, thank you, Grayson. My uncle keeps his study so hot, I can do with some fresh air. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Edgar."

As Edgar turned to go, he looked back. It was just as well to make sure.

"Oh, Grayson," he said, loudly, "my uncle asked you not to forget to bring him his cocoa at half-past ten, but not to disturb him before then."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I have my instructions."

The door closed. So far, so good. Edgar walked to the station. He did not hurry; he had plenty of time, and the walk took him forty minutes. At the station, he discovered the (*Continued on page* 84)

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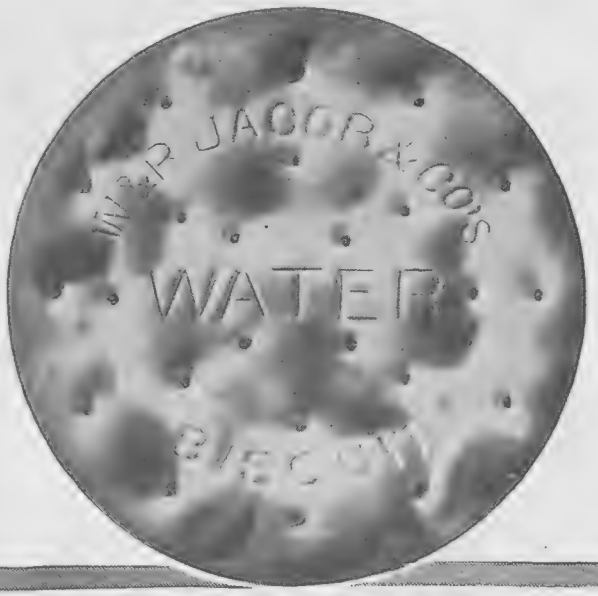

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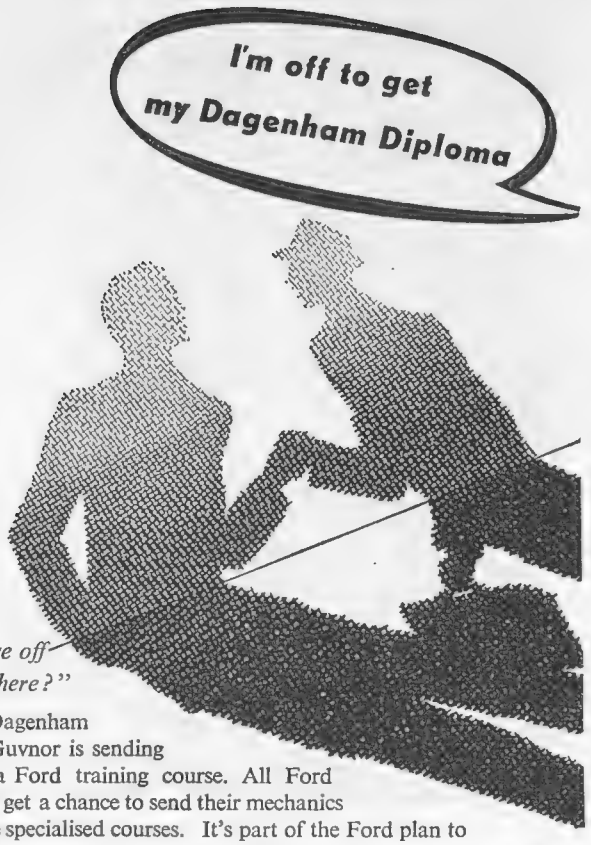

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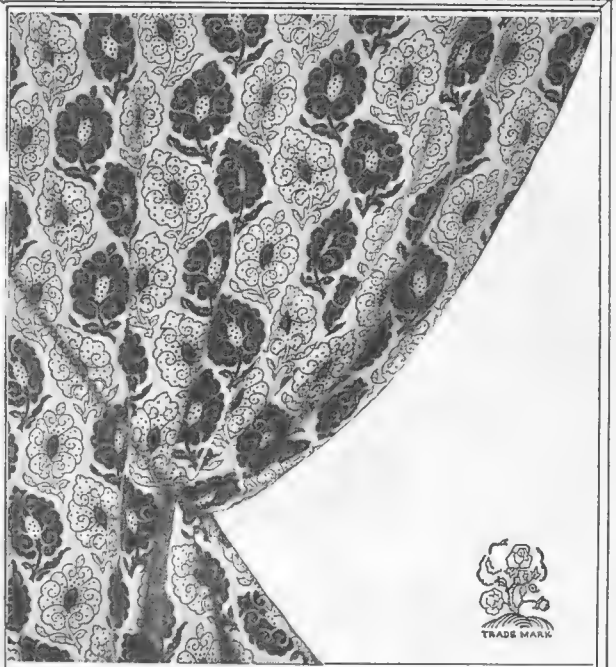

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loss of his wallet, took great pains to explain his plight to the porter and to estimate, with frequent references to the station clock, how long it would take him to walk back to Mancruse Manor. He and the porter agreed that the best train for him now was the ten o'clock . . . or, if he missed that, the eleven o'clock, not to mention the slow train at midnight.

Edgar walked back to his uncle's house, but this time he hurried . . . walked fast . . . ran over the grass where it bordered the road, and reached the Manor, breathless but ice-cold despite his weariness, in twenty-five minutes. That was good; he had a quarter of an hour's grace and there was much to do.

He did not immediately go to the front door, but made his way over the lawn to the French windows that he had left conveniently unlatched. A gentle push and they were open. The room was as he had left it—the body in the chair, the fire still blazing in the hearth, the tobacco and pipe on the table.

He heaved a sigh of relief. If his uncle had had an unexpected visitor, or if Grayson had for some reason found it necessary to enter the study against his orders, the whole plan would have failed and Edgar would have walked right into danger. . . . But all was well. . . .

He walked over to the desk and picked up the strangely carved pipe. Holding it with his now gloved hands, he stuffed some of the loose tobacco in the bowl, took out his lighter, lit up and smoked quickly, puffing clouds of aromatic tobacco into the room. He was a cigarette smoker himself, and the pipe stem tasted musty and the tobacco unpleasantly strong, but this was his alibi and he puffed quickly away until he could feel that the thin bowl was hot to the touch.

Then he pressed his uncle's left-hand fingers on the bowl without a qualm. He was pleased with himself; the intense heat of the room had delayed the onset of *rigor mortis*, just as he had intended.

One more ticklish moment and the plan was complete. He latched the French windows tight, carefully opened the door of the study, tiptoed through the hall and crept out of the house. Thank goodness for Grayson's deafness; the front door squeaked a little as it closed behind him, but no sound of alarm came to his intent ears.

Out in the porch, he looked at his watch. It was just coming up to twenty-five past nine—exactly forty minutes after he had left the station. Good! He loudly rang the old-fashioned pull-bell. He heard it clanging far away in the recesses of the rambling house, heard Grayson come shuffling slowly along the passage. The door opened.

"It's me again, Grayson," he said, brightly. "I walked all the way to the station before I found I'd lost my wallet. I must have left it here. It's got my return-ticket and all my money."

"How unfortunate, sir." The butler stepped aside to let him in.

"How's my uncle been since I left?" Edgar asked, conversationally, then stopped, started and listened. "What's that?" he asked, sharply.

"What's what, sir?"

"That bang. Didn't you hear it? It came from uncle's study."

"I didn't hear it, sir."

"But it was as clear as anything. It sounded like a. . . . We'd better go in."

They went in.

HALF an hour later, Detective-Inspector Gates motioned to Sergeant Durrant to start taking notes, and said to Edgar:

"Now, Mr. Mancruse, will you tell us in your own words what you did this evening, and how you discovered the body?"

Edgar, his face expressing suitable grief, nodded. Everything fell into place so neatly that telling the story was easy.

"I came to see my uncle at his request to-night," he said. "I had been abroad for twenty years and, when I got back and telephoned him, he asked me to call. I left him at five to eight. I know that was the time because I asked Grayson the next train to London. He told me nine o'clock and I looked at my watch to see if I had time to walk to the station. My uncle always kept his study so stuffy and overheated that I was glad to get some fresh air. It took me forty minutes to reach the station, and then I found I had lost my wallet with all my money and my return-ticket. I decided I must have left it here; probably it slipped out of my pocket in the chair I was sitting in over there. Perhaps you will see if it's there." They did. It was. "Yes, I guessed that was it. Well, after explaining my dilemma to the porter at the station, I walked back here. It took me the same time—forty minutes—and, as Grayson let me in I heard a bang coming from this room. I drew the butler's attention to it, but he's very deaf indeed and he couldn't hear it. Anyway, I was alarmed and rushed in here to find——" his voice broke very convincingly, but he recovered himself with what he flattered himself was a good bit of acting. "Sorry, gentlemen. Well, there were fumes of tobacco smoke in the air, and the pipe on the table was still hot. Grayson felt it, although I asked him not to touch anything. My uncle had told me earlier that he had to test some new tobacco—that's it on the desk there—and he'd been smoking it when he—when he shot himself." He paused and gulped. "I can't understand this dreadful thing. He'd been very miserable all evening, telling me how lonely and fed-up he was—but he was always known in the family as a bit of a—a grumbler, and I never dreamed that he would go so far as to commit suicide."

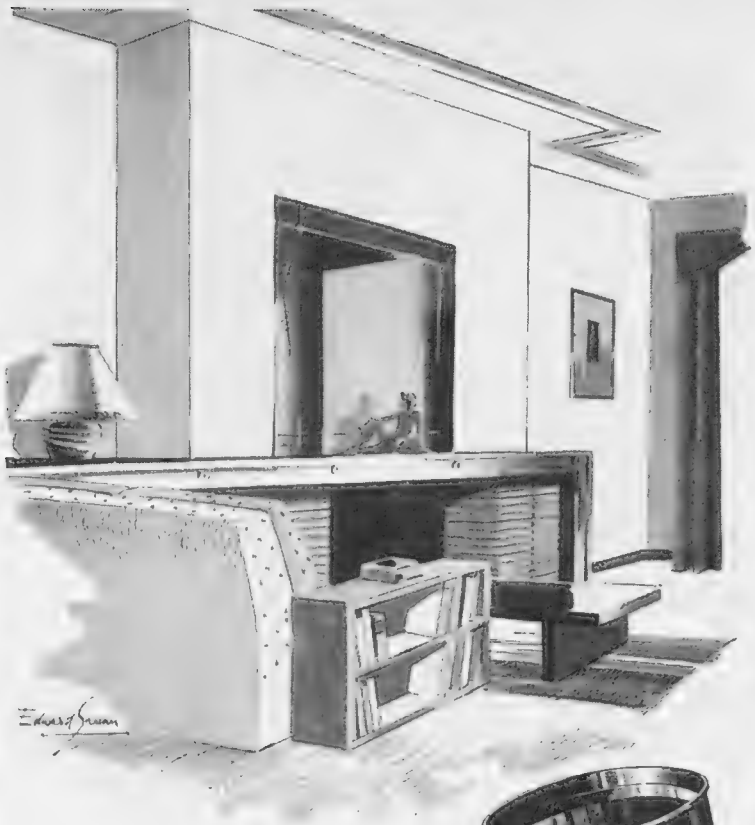
"Yes," agreed the detective-inspector, reflectively, "it's certainly strange. If he wanted to commit suicide, why did he have to shoot himself as well?"

A stab of unreasoning fear darted through Edgar Mancruse.

"*As well?*" he repeated.

"Yes," observed the detective, calmly. "Smoking the pipe would have done it all by itself."

(*Continued on page* 86)



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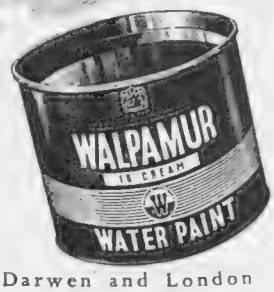

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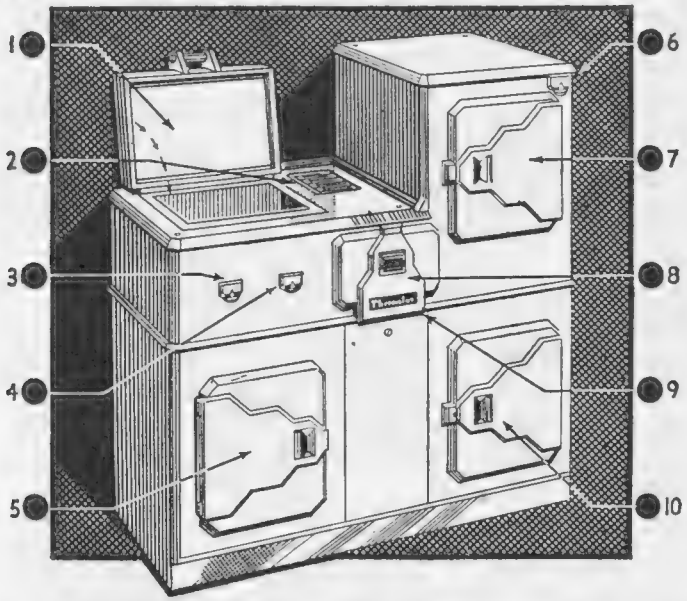

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Edgar fought for self-control. "Wh-what do you mean?" he quavered.

"That pipe on the table," answered Gates, "the one he smoked before he died. It was the prize of his collection—it belonged to the Borgias."

"The Borgias?" Beads of perspiration started out on Edgar's forehead.

"That's right," went on the impassive voice. "I've just been reading the label in the glass case it was taken from. That pipe was made for the Borgias and its stem is poisoned. Anyone who smokes it dies within an hour."

Edgar Mancruse's self-control snapped. He staggered forward, holding his hands outstretched in blind pleading. Words bubbled from his lips as he swayed and fell.

And the detective watched him and listened with a grim smile of satisfaction, as if the case was neatly tied up. Which indeed it was.

SERGEANT DURRANT looked up from the typewriter on which he was transcribing the confession of Edgar Mancruse.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, frowning. "I've been meaning to ask you—were pipes *invented* in the days of the Borgias?"

Detective-Inspector Gates grinned. "I haven't the faintest idea," he replied.

"But, sir, you said——"

"I know I did. It was a bluff. When I came into the study, I had evidence to prove that the murderer must have smoked that pipe to try to confuse the time at which the old man died. So I took a chance that Mancruse was guilty by letting my imagination run away with a perfectly harmless antique pipe. He fell into the trap."

"By gum!" The sergeant was suitably impressed. "But I thought Mancruse was right in the clear. His story hung together very well."

"So it did. He planned it all very cunningly, and he might quite easily have got away with it, if it hadn't been for something Grayson whispered to me when he let me into the house."

"Oh? What was that, sir?"

"Oh, just something simple that the murderer overlooked. You see, John Seymour Mancruse—despite the fact that he was head of a huge tobacco firm, an expert on the blending of tobacco and a collector of pipes—was a non-smoker!"

END

Put That In Your Pipe

Books (*Continued from page 34*)

warmer, more comprehensive guide to Rome's riches, well illustrated in photogravure.

"Instead of solitude, there is here the most enchanting miniature sea-side—with no holiday camps (yet), no fun-fairs, no mammoth hotels, no ten continuous miles of illuminations (yet)." Where? **"The Isle of Wight"** (King Penguin, 3s.), of course, as described and pictured in very modern colour by Barbara Jones. I'm not sure that all the older Jones's approve, but youth will love her adventurous technique.

Animal, bird and insect life abounds in wonders—for example, the "radar" echoes of the bat's tiny squeaks, inaudible to humans, which enable it to avoid obstacles in its "bat-blind" flight; the eyeless wood tick which senses light with her skin, is so sensitive to minute changes in temperature and perspiration odour, and will wait on a branch until a dog passes, then drop on it to ripen the eggs in her body with its blood, perhaps living *eighteen years* without food! Ruth Crosbie Noble, widow of the noted biologist of the U.S. Museum of Natural History, packs **"The Nature of the Beast"** (Hutchinson, 15s.) with fascinating facts about creature behaviour and the scientific tests which produce them.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY, novelist of the Yorkshire mill towns, bases her latest, **"Quorum"** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) on an original idea. Millowner Thomas Armitage, J.P., is to preside at a Textile Pageant Committee on the very day his nephew, separated from his wife, tells him he wants to be divorced, marry a local woman, sell his half-share in the mill to a rival, and emigrate to South Africa. Since others involved are also on the committee, and committees are "a wonderful revealer of character," much social drama revolves round the meeting, with Miss Bentley marshalling the conflicting characters skilfully for a satisfying climax.

READERS of *Forever Amber* will lift an eyebrow at Kathleen Winsor's **"Star Money"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.), for the modern heroine, Shireen, Amberish in her amours, is author of an historical romance which has sold a million! The story is of her wartime relations with husband Ed., vital Johnny Keegan, A.A.F., with his double row of overseas ribbons, and others in her luxurious love-life who leave her husbandless in the end and not so pleased with her success as she should be. "Men," she says, "are like musical instruments. You have to practise on them to be any good," and works out the dictum in a sophisticated New York set. I wonder how many, even while enjoying it, will wish they could get their hands on Shireen's novel of "Jamaica round about 1700" instead?

A WEST INDIES island affords scope for much colour-problem conflict in Phyllis Bottome's **"Under the Skin"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.). Her Lucy Armstrong is up against it from the moment she takes over the headship of a school there, and it comes to a peak when she falls in love with a West Indian doctor. Sometimes the tropical romance is overshadowed by the problem, which weighs heavily on the dialogue; but characters and setting are absorbing enough to surmount that handicap.

The child of a disrupted marriage, whose errant father re-marries more happily, is presented with touching sympathy by Victoria Lincoln in **"Celia Amberley"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.). We follow Celia through school, boy friends, young love's spring enchantment, quarrels, jealousies, the prejudice of parents—"You wouldn't ever let that dirty little dago kiss you?"—and shattering tragedy. Here is a novel of quality about and for the teenager, vastly above the vapid stuff usually prescribed for that now exalted young goddess. A sneering notice in a leading Sunday journal does not deter me from commending it highly.

GEORGE VAIZEY seems to have a remarkable knowledge of hospital nursing life. His Jane Henshaw—**"Sister Theatre"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.)—wanted to be a nurse from the time she put splints on dolls, and was only spurred when the matron at "Chad's" warned her: "Don't believe those ridiculous posters of a nurse in attractive and immaculate uniform handing a cup of tea to a grateful patient. You'll have long months of collecting bedpans, washing and stacking them, making beds, thirty on end, sweeping, scrubbing, fetching and carrying." The story concerns her love for a young surgeon, and its frustration by his professional ambition before they find ultimate fulfilment in serving African natives. Jane is practical, but not like the matron of whom a student said: "She's rationalized everything, even in bed."

I CAN understand James M. Cain's appeal to the hard-boiled filmic-minded. For me his tough, slangy Yankese, with every fellow a "guy," is an acquired taste, and I react somewhat from: ". . . I kept thinking how soft she felt, and it was like when you touch a baby and you feel like Christmas Eve and never want to do wrong any more." **"The Moth"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is the staccato story of John Dillon as choirboy, precocious lover, hobo, delinquent, oilman, and much else in the seamier U.S. scene, told at nonstop speed. No waste of time. You're through it, and gasping, as from a trip on a Coney Island "racer."

AUDACIOUSLY frank, too, concerning the misbegotten offspring of a raffish old Mafeking general is **"You Were There"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), the last frolic of that inimitable but now bereft partnership: Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. Behind his story lies a satirical panorama of forty-odd years of our lighter social history, farcically, brilliantly presented.

ANOTHER novel with rich, exotic background—this time eighteenth-century Spain—is Max White's **"In the Blazing Light"** (Rich & Cowan, 12s. 6d.), based on the adventurous life of the painter Goya and his romance with the Duchess of Alba. The fictionizing may sometimes be rather too highly coloured even for an artist, but it makes vivid reading.

DOROTHY BLACK'S **"The One I Love"** (Cassell, 8s.) is a simple country story about a builder-and-decorator girl who has to get the ex-Commando of her choice out of a smuggling racket before she can win her love; Arthur Mills's **"Shroud of Snow"** (Evans, 8s. 6d.) is a whodunit pegged on the death in a Somerset snowstorm of a young woman who had a particular reason for being where she was found, and a local reporter who had a special motive in covering the "story."

ROM, sometimes called the Gypsy, was a dashing Indian Army intelligence officer when soldiers wore red coats even in Baluchistan and fell in love with low-bodiced Lancer colonel's daughters. Later he was to dally with a Himalayan slave-girl and seek adventure in Arabia and East Africa. Romance is a tame word for his exploits in Edison Marshall's **"Gypsy Sixpence"** (Muller, 12s. 6d.).

A welcome reprint: Rumer Godden's widely praised story of a nun in the Far East: **"Black Narcissus"** (Penguin, 1s. 6d.)

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

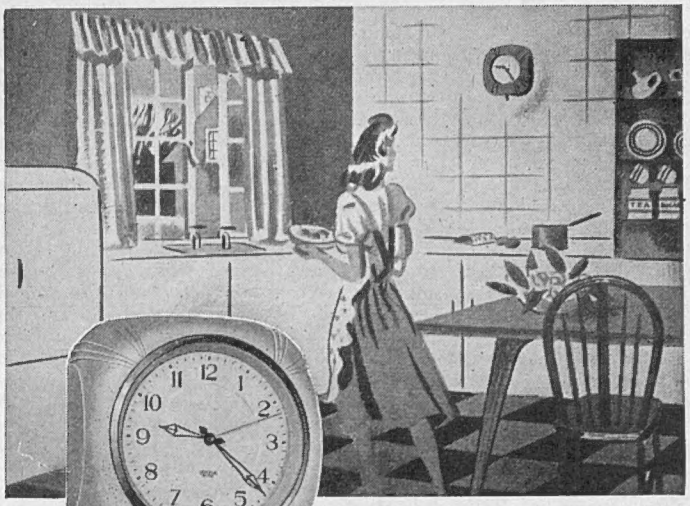
NOVELS

"Love Is Not Love" by Nancy Bruff (Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d.). A book which will be enjoyed by all interested in the problems of human relationships. **"Clash by Night,"** by Susan Gillespie (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), the story of a handful of English people caught in the turmoil which followed the independence and partition of India. **"Cutlass Empire,"** by F. van Wyck Mason (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), tells the incredible story of Sir Henry Morgan, the greatest of all the English pirates. Part fact, part fiction, in **"The Story at Canons."** Harold Elvin tells the incredible history of the magnificent palace of the Duke of Chandos (Peter Garnett, 9s. 6d.). **"The Glittering Serpent,"** by Emmeline Morrison (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.), is a novel of international intrigue, with a little of the supernatural thrown in.

MISCELLANEOUS

George Mikes, with Nicolas Bentley to draw the pictures, has written **"Wisdom For Others"**, (Wingate, 6s.) in the same vein of humour that made "How to be an Alien" the funniest book of its time. **"What Christian Marriage Means,"** by Rev. F. F. Rigby (Faber, 6s. 6d.), is based on a series of lectures and is a serious contribution to modern thought on Christian marriage. **"Human Growth,"** by Lester F. Beck (Gollancz, 6s.), is one of the best books ever written for young people, and all in charge of youngsters, describing how life begins and goes on. **"Cricket Caravan,"** is a volume of cricket reminiscences and judgments by Keith Miller and R. S. Whitington (Latimer House, 10s. 6d.). In **"Down By The Shore,"** B. Melville Nicholas, the well-known naturalist introduces some of the birds and other wild creatures who live on and around our coasts. The book is beautifully illustrated with photographs (MacDonald, 6s.).

END



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Off Shoulder For Evening (*Continued from page* 44)

Next row.—K. 8, * inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 7 ; rep. from * to * once, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 26 ; rep. from * to * twice, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 8 (100 sts.). Continue in st. st. for 13 rows.

Next row.—K. 1, inc. 1, k. 7 *, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 9 * ; rep. from * to * once, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 28 ; rep. from * to * twice, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 7, inc. 1, k. 1 (114 sts.). Continue in stocking st. for 13 rows.

Next row.—K. 11, * inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 11 * ; rep. from * to * once, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 30 ; rep. from * to * twice, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 11 (126 sts.).

Next row.—P.

Work should now measure 9 ins. from bottom edge.

Next row.—** K. 1, inc. 1 in every st. except the last st., k. 1, ** (250 sts.). See note about increasing on page 44. Work 13 rows in st.st., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row, twice (254 sts.).

Next row.—*** Change to No. 13 needles. K. 1, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * to middle of row, now k. 2 tog., to the last st., k. 1 (128 sts.). Work 3 rows in st.st.***.

Next row.—Change to No. 12 needles. Rep. from ** to ** (for the first row of second ruched band) (254 sts.). Work 13 rows st.st., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row twice (258 sts.).

Next row.—Rep. from *** to *** (130 sts.).

Next row.—Change to No. 12 needles. Rep. from ** to ** (this is the first row of third ruched band) (258 sts.).

Work 5 rows st.st.

TO SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (252 sts.).

Work 5 more rows in st.st., dec. 1 st. at each end of every row (242 sts.).

Next row.—P.

Next row.—Change to No. 13 needles. K. 1, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. ; rep. to middle of row, then k. 2 tog. to last st., k. 1 (122 sts.)

Work 5 rows in st.st.

Change to No. 12 needles. Working in st.st. continue to shape armhole as follows :

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 40, *turn* (leaving remaining sts. on same needle).

2nd row.—P. back (41 sts.).

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., k. 30, *turn*.

4th row.—P. back (31 sts.).

5th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 20, *turn*.

6th row.—P. back (21 sts.).

7th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 10, *turn*.

8th row.—P. back (11 sts.).

9th row.—K. 2 tog., k. right across front to end of needle (117 sts.).

10th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 40, *turn* (leaving remaining sts. on same needle).

11th row.—K. back (41 sts.).

12th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 30, *turn*.

13th row.—K. back (31 sts.).

14th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 20, *turn*.

15th row.—K. back (21 sts.).

16th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 10, *turn*.

17th row.—K. back (11 sts.).

18th row.—P. 2 tog., * p. 10, inc. 1 in next st. ; rep. from * 9 times, p. 12 (121 sts.). Break wool and slip half the sts. on to a No. 13 needle (pointed both ends), the other half on to another No. 13 needle and leave for present.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 88 sts. very loosely. Work exactly as for front until it measures 9 ins. and three sets of increasings have been worked (126 sts.).

Next row.—K. 12, * inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 13 * ; rep. from * to * once, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 32 ; rep. from * to * twice, inc. 1, k. 1, inc. 1, k. 12 (138 sts.). Continue in st.st. for 42 rows, inc. 1 st.st. at each end of the needle on every 15th row twice (142 sts.). The work should now measure the same as the front up to the beg. of the armhole shaping.

On p. side cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (134 sts.).

Work 11 rows st.st., dec. 1 st. at each end of every row (112 sts.).

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 40, *turn* (leaving remaining sts. on same needle).

2nd row.—P. back (41 sts.). Continue as for front armhole shaping until 9th row.

9th row.—K. 2 tog., k. right across the back to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. (106 sts.).

10th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 40, *turn* (leave remaining sts. on same needle).

Continue as front armhole shaping until

18th row.—* P. 4, inc. 1 in next st. * ; rep. from * to * 20 times, p. 2 (122 sts.) Turn. Slip 61 sts. on to a No. 13 needle, pointed at both ends. Slip remaining 61 sts. on to another No. 13 needle and leave for present.

SHOULDER STRAPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts. ; 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th rows k. ; 2nd, 4th and 8th rows p. ; rep. 7th and 8th rows once.

11th row.—Fold over and form hem as instructed for front hem.

Break off wool and leave these sts. on the needle. Work another strap in same way and leave on needle.

To make the yoke, work on No. 13 needles, pointed both ends, two for front, two for back and one each for shoulder piece. The round begins in the middle of the back.

1st round.—Join wool at centre of the back ; * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k. sts.* ; rep. from * to * 20 times, 1 st. will remain ; slip this st. to needle holding first shoulder strap piece ; rep. from * to * across shoulder sts. 20 times, and slip the remaining st. over to needle holding first set of front sts.; rep. from * to * 20 times across these sts., then from * to * 20 times across the next needle to the end of the front. Slip the 2 remaining sts. on to needle holding second shoulder strap. Now work across second shoulder, rep. from * to * 20 times. Slip remaining 2 sts. on to next needle and rep. from * to * across these sts. to the middle of the back. This is the end of round and no sts. will be left over.

2nd round.—K. 57, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 56, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 113, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 56, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 56, slip remaining sts. over to next needle (350 sts.).

3rd round.—* W.fd., sl. 1, k. 2, p.s.s.o., 2 k. sts. * ; rep. from * to * to end of round.

4th round.—K. all round to last st., slip last st. over to first needle of next round.

5th round.—Rep. 3rd round.

6th round.—K. 55, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 56, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 109, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 56, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 50. Slip remaining st. on to next needle (338 sts.)

7th, 8th and 9th rounds.—Rep. 3rd, 4th and 3rd.

10th round.—K. 57, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 50, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 107, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 50, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 50. Slip last st. over to next needle (326 sts.).

11th, 12th and 13th rounds.—Rep. 3rd, 4th and 3rd.

14th round.—K. 57, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 47, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 104, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 47, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 47. Slip remaining sts. over to next needle (314 sts.).

15th, 16th and 17th rounds.—Rep. 3rd, 4th and 3rd.

18th round.—K. 57, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 44, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 102, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 44, k. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 43. Slip remaining sts. over to the next needle (302 sts.).

19th, 20th and 21st rounds.—Rep. 3rd, 4th and 3rd.

22nd round.—K. for 5 rounds.

27th round.—P.

28th round.—K. for 3 rounds.

31st round.—Cast off all sts.

To Make Up.—Back-st. all seams. Slip st. joins of shoulder pieces to fronts and backs respectively.

Fold the neck hem at purled row down over the elastic and st. down on the wrong side, keeping the elastic inside the hem as you work. *Do not press.* END

Just Plain And Purl (*Continued from page* 44)

On 5th row work buttonhole ; work 4, cast off 3, work to end. Next row cast on 3 sts. above those cast off. Every 14 rows make buttonholes as above, 9 in all ; work 8 more rows and leave sts. on safety-pin.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

Work as right front border, omitting buttonholes.

Join shoulder seams. On No. 12 needles rib across the 11 sts. of right front border, pick up sts. round neck edge and rib across left front border. K. 1, p. 1 over all sts. Work 6 rows and make buttonhole as before. Work 3 more rows and cast off.

Press each piece of work with a hot iron over a damp cloth, not the ribbing.

Set in sleeves, and sew up sleeve and side seams. Sew on front borders, slightly stretching to fit. Buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

END

Mechanical Age Of Beauty

(*Continued from page* 36)

the art of conversation, the art of reading with discrimination and imagination, the art of letter-writing, the art of the hostess—to mention only a few.

I MENTION the art of the hostess because it seems to me that it is this rôle which can display at once all the qualitites and defects of a woman. It is then that she appears either truly charming or totally inadequate. And no amount of visits to beauty parlours, hairdressers, couturiers, can make up then for the absence of grace, can hide the gauche remark, can camouflage the rough surfaces of an uncultivated personality. And this is true at all times. Not merely on great social occasions, but in offices, shops, at home, in every little social contact of life, the charm of true cultivation is potent and permanent. And I do not mean erudition, I do not mean an insensitive pedantry. I mean nothing more nor less than grace of personality. Do we, I wonder—do we really let our permanent waves, lovely as they can be, substitute for more profound attractions?

END

1.9.50

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